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VOL. X.

No. IV.

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Qui non magis gratia sumus, sedemque habemus VALENTIS  
Constanti Bonolis, universitatis PATRIS.*"

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

No. 4.

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PASSPORTS TO MANHOOD.

"'Tis the great art of Life to manage well  
The restless mind!"

WE approach a subject so dignified, with all the hesitancy and distrust inexperience would beget: for we stand on no elevation in Life, where we can gather, in one glance, the various motions of struggling, ambitious men,—nor do we hold in our hands any divining rod, by which to foresee the tortuous progress of the various passions in the human character: but we would be one to watch the flash of feeling,—to catch the ardor of action,—to admire the bold changes mind is ever making in the great strife of Life, as we find them exhibited around and about us. We would read lessons in gray locks and in furrowed cheeks,—in upright forms and manly action. Homilies on Moral and Religious abstractions we find in no books of ours: sermonizing aside, let us look into the vast soul, where the great machinery of Life is in motion, note its laws and operations.

Character, like a great plan, is continually unfolding. Victory, conquest, come not of determination, single-handed: plans are to be nurtured and matured, enthusiasm to be raised, pleasure to be forsworn, life regarded as nothing. So with Mind. One disclosure follows another, each dependent on the preceding, but generally ascribable for its peculiarity to the nature of the circumstances in which the individual is thrown. We many of us hold strange, and, at best, but vague notions respecting our own character: imagining it is of a composition too ethereal for handling or training, we let it follow up the growth of the body, expecting any corporeal advantage to prove also a mental blessing. Looking only to the outward man, we seem to forget at times that there is in our possession any secret influence on our condition, which we denominate Character. And thus we go on, hoodwinked as we are, bending and stooping to circumstances, of which, inherent dignity at least, should have made us complete masters. We literally sell ourselves for whatever price exigences, and even common customs, may esteem our

value. More the children of fortuitous occurrences, than a noble determination of our own, we infinitely prefer to wear the captive's chains to guiding, as victor, the triumphal procession. This state of self-degradation is more the result of indolent habit, than of self-reliance, and a habit, too, that often neutralizes all the recoiling power of after reflection.

We propose, for a brief space, to draw out to notice a few of the grand resources on which the foundation of a perfect character is dependent.

Need we appeal to the *self-reliance* of every mind as the first and the last law of self-preservation? The world admires, reveres examples of this kind: the man who can provide for his own name and fortune, can lead a nation. Men want no half-minded, fearful, dodging characters at their head: they well know they have already too many of these, and clamor for a change, a something on which to rest their sinking hopes, or turn their eyes in admiration. 'Tis the way of the world, envious and detracting as it professedly is, to respect something out of its reach, and yet, so completely in its midst, that the recognition of the object only deepens the spell and electrifies the power.

The commonest examples are illustrative of our point. A man rushes into a thousand imminent dangers, about which the multitude would only exhibit a raving of indecision, to save the life of a fellow. Shouts, maddening applause, greet his successful exit,—human nature seems thrilled with delight. You ask, what is the worth of applause from a multitude, whose courage and self-dependence entitle them to nothing more than pity; but will you dash aside the flow of generous gratitude, even though it come not from the source most desirable? Are the better feelings of humanity worthless because they wear not the guise our fancy might prescribe? Glad should we ever be to catch the first faint lisping of a grateful heart, and when that feeling is too intense for the confinement of language, and tumultuous applause bears it along like the wind, wretched, indeed, is the man that does not for the moment double his very existence.

If the world's opinion weigh any thing, it weighs every thing. On so important a trait as self-reliance, that opinion is well enough known. Then, whoever would make his fortune in this world, must first show it his value of power and resources. But, beyond this view, there lies another far more elevated—the influence of this power on the *individual* character. It was always our belief, that we thought more of ourselves, than the world thought of us, and this, too, because we craved rather our individual opinion than that of the world. With others it may not be so: but generally, if our own ideas are to be of any worth, they had better become so now. This is, to a specified degree, the trait in question,—the bringing out an idea that you stand on *something*, when you trust yourself to your own opinions. We hate, we pity the pendulum being, whose determinations contract or dilate with the change of his feelings, whose actions vacillate with the seconds. We hate, for that man is ruining the hopes of others, by indecisive movements: we pity, for he is a character that must limp on the crutches of charity all the way

through life. Bonaparte never borrowed from another his plans of subverting Empires, nor stopped in his Alpine march till the groans of an hundred thousand men harmlessly rolled over him: Demosthenes never assuaged the clamors of an angry mob by a fawning sycophantism, or a beggar's prayer: he was, to himself, the great *I am*: his 'ipse dixit,' satisfied himself, with it the mob *must* be satisfied. It is no other than a strong coloring of self-reliance that God gives his soldiers, and this is their earthly shield and buckler. What shall we call it but the only true consciousness of existence? What but the touchstone of every nobleness man possesses?—the focus to which the mental powers all converge with untold energy and brightness; the 'open sesame' to all that supports character, and defends action.

But what does it beget?—Independence. No feeling confounded with a scornful pride or a deadened sensibility! Far from it. Rather a tale that our existence ever tells us,—a consciousness of superiority to temporary obstacles. Of this we can say little but in contrast; it is better seen in action than in description. We would call it disregard of others, but only so far as our deliberate judgment dictates. A man sees through obstacles to successes; these he nears, in spite of surrounding astonishments and anathemas, only as far as his confidence in himself will warrant; if he fall short of his attempt, 'tis a wonder: if he reach his aim, well. And this is Independence. Such a character we love to contemplate, for we are the while in admiration. It is a sort of living within one's self, a fortress any may enter, but only with reversed arms. Besides, fortunate results bring double gratifications; the applause without only echoes the satisfaction within. A desire to please every body is sure ruin to one who nurses it; the popular breeze veers so often, and blows so unsteadily, that to watch it is to lose it, and to catch at it, to chase after it. Independence carries its own weather-cock, and regulates its own breezes. If it please man, it does it not by the archness of its smiles or the grace of its carriage; it makes no concessions, for it is never driven to it, and the retreat of others is all its own gain. If we ever needed in our midst such spirits, it surely is now; we want to catch an eye as we crowd along among men, that is upturned, keen, sagacious, and not sicken longer at sight of the glassy gaze of the million that look downward as intently as gold-diggers; we are always on the alert for a commanding spirit, so far isolated from his kind as to understand himself. If such a character have bitter enemies, he has also strong friends. Every coloring he gives to surrounding objects is decided and perspicuous. Envy raises itself oftentimes even to admiration, and the heart that is too selfish to admit, has secretly to admire the developments he exhibits. This trait would be worth very much, if for no other purpose than to secure admiration for itself; but it carries you farther on than this. It meets with the nicest provisions all the protruding angles we find on our way, serves as a complete scarecrow to frighten away approaching molestations, gratifies desires the chances of fortune might never singly satisfy, and, what constitutes the acme of earthly enjoyment, gives a man *respect for himself*. No man without it has grown to maturity, for he

can not as yet employ the powers he was given a life to learn. From it come confidence, courage, satisfaction; need we enumerate the schools of which these are separately skillful masters?

We pass rapidly on to another consideration—the influence of *sensibility* in the development of character. We are familiar with “names that were not born to die,” whose exquisiteness of sensibility was the only means by which genius showed its splendor. There is room here for a philosopher to analyze and compare the various emotions this nicety of feeling begets; it is too delicate a subject to bear the rude handling incident to dissection; and yet, as a consequence of this, it wields an influence “more powerful than a two-edged sword.” Some call it a vagary of the fancy, some think it worth a sneer, and others still dandle it up to an effeminacy. But all bow before its movings; the hardened, like the giant oaks, are cleft by its storm, while the more susceptible bend before it as calmly and silently as the pale, sensitive flower. It heralds not its own coming; it floats to the soul in the rapturous melody of the midnight song, it looks in on the heart from the glance of a loved face, it rides triumphant on the words of eloquent lips. What, is it all? More than a contagion, a pestilence? Ah, yes; it is the link of the universal soul of mankind. It is the common meeting-ground, no less of all joys than all sufferings; and where it excites pain it doubly refines enjoyment. The truest means of communication with the race:—Genius bereft of it is a dumb skeleton; power, unwieldy and worthless.

Many, for fear of its influence, rush headlong into stupid obstinacy, thus exhibiting themselves in a light which the brutes would never envy; while they appear fearful of incurring the charge of an uncontrollable weakness, they betray a want of power for which no fortunes can compensate. Away with such silly detractions to human nature! Let opening manhood pride itself on any thing like a quick sensibility, even if it lead to a nervousness of feeling. Who can commune with an imprisoned soul? Why does not the respect it hopes thus to deserve degenerate into pitiful regard? Assuredly it does. Now read the impressions giant minds have left on the susceptible mass; they bespeak, first of all, a critical knowledge of human nature, and this was their *passport* to greatness. If eloquence have any power it is that of awakening sympathy, and its only parent is sensibility. If actions are ever great and noble, they were bidden of this master. If sociability, if love, if friendship ever drew together the finer feelings of humanity, or expanded the soul into its original beauty, the power of the union and expansion lies with sensibility. In general, it is the proof of the true soul,—the man.

Look again: there is another bright spot in the character, that perfects manliness and accomplishes great ends; a flame that by its gentleness lights up the fervor of the soul, and by its steadiness causes distrust, imbecility, indolence to slink back to their coverts ashamed. The world acknowledges only the two great divisions its absence and presence indicate—the enthusiastic and their contrary. The latter class we need not individualize for recognition; they number among them

the stubborn, the cold, calculating, envious ; those who set a higher price on their invidious criticisms than their honest-hearted, ingenuous actions. But let us look at the former alone.

Perhaps no one term is more horribly distorted from its true meaning, more frequently misapplied wilfully, and yet more significant than this same word—enthusiasm ! But attempts at definition would only prove useless ; we must rest with ascertaining its action. We call it the great resource, whence determinate energy first received its impulse, where passion kindled its fires, and reason received its encouragement. There are some like “stars shot madly from their spheres,” who light their lamps here and pursue the dark and dingy roads of fanaticism ; some, who with a zeal coupled somewhat with knowledge might have done much, very much for the infirmities of their race and their own just exaltation ; some, who could easily have attained true distinction had they not prematurely cast in their preferences for notoriety. But the world is full of the misguided and hasty, and exceptions by no means ever amount to rules. Enthusiasm never dazzles or scorches, but imparts a vivifying warmth where fanaticism would only conflagrate and destroy. Wherever enjoyment shows a keen edge, there we find this principle at work ; whatever we view under its influence, be it the commonest object of life, takes a new and impressive form to our view. What is the man without it ? and where old dependence has failed, who or what shall stay the tottering character ? What lights up the pale cast study and anxiety have given to the scholar’s features, and, like some good angel, as he plods and plods on and buries himself more and more deeply in the mysteries of learning, whispers to him, “Toil on ! Hope on ?” On what does his soul feed, in his midnight solitude, by the lonely wayside, amid the bustle of action, or crossing the wastes his want of social contact opens to his view ? “Hope deferred,” saith inspiration, “makes the heart sick ;” who shall furnish the soothing pillow for his aching head, or wipe the clammy sweat from his pale brow, or take the hand so rarely proffered to any ? What great recompense shall answer him for the sacrifice of every day blessings, for the severance too often of every bond of sociability, for the Socratic patience with which he faces the silent jeer, the open expressions of envy, the coarse ribaldry ? Truly, something that belongs not to humanity. Philosophers tell us it is enthusiasm.

No less necessary for marked success and pure enjoyment than for strength and comfort, is its intimate connexion with all feelings, hopes, and aspirations. The same principle gives truth to the well-worn maxim, “What’s begun is half done ;” its characteristic results are energy, perseverance. Genius can not shine without its light and limping mediocrity obtains from it commission to the first ranks. Place before our notice two of equal attainments, of equal natural capacities, but give the one and deny the other enthusiasm, and the difference in their after fortunes shall be the difference between distinction and obscurity. In mechanical operations it shows itself to admiration, but in intellectual effort its development is indeed perfect, and at times gigantic ; it has here cleared off the fogs of blustering tumult, and taken the garb



of chastity; its appearance is lovely, we are sometimes tempted to idolatry. The sacred minister feels it bounding through his mental frame, and urging him on to an intensity of mental action. Whitfield felt its intoxicating delight, and became a "living soul;" precepts, which without stimulus, with nothing to create and preserve excitement, would have fallen from his lips still-born, now dart about among an electrified multitude like the fire-dragon; this was eloquence, and millions had to acknowledge its conquest. The lawyer is fortunately whipped up to it by the stinging rebuke or the unanswerable sarcasm of an adversary; his skill lies mostly in its training, and in applying its forces at every important available point. It stands godfather to all the eloquence to which judges and juries have listened and bowed; it draws tears and smiles from crowded legislative galleries, cheers and admiration from multitudes intoxicated with its communicative power; it gives silvery hairs the veneration they have earned, lends worth to low fortune, and supplies the deficiencies a thousand charities could never fill. Every son of enthusiasm can exclaim of it

"Thy bright image,  
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
By which man masters men!"

If, at any time, it has misguided or perplexed by its own purity and nobleness, it will "work out its own redemption." Would that other qualities could be tasked for so few faults as this!

Now look at it, as it lends its brilliant coloring to fancy, love, hope, and the whole catalogue of feelings and desires. What would the immortal "bard of Scio" have known of fame, either in his day or ours, with this struck from the account? What lends to Tasso's mournful prison-notes such plaintive eloquence, such inward fire? Where is the glittering mine whence Milton gathered his jewels, to pave his brilliant way to the Temple of Fame? Imagination!—'tis but an empty name, of no significance, of no power, without enthusiasm! Read the difference between Milton and Pope in the difference between their capacities for its reception. The vast book Shakspeare has opened to man, would have been not much less than precept, or, at the most, than interesting narrative, debarred of its *powerful*, quickening influence. It is the poetry of Hope; it is all that paints a future with anything of intensity, all that creates desire, and when created, preserves it: the human mind is made up of too great a complexity of power and weakness, of chivalric daring and retreating cowardice, to buoy *itself* up with no light to glimmer over the dark waste, even though that light be as delusive as the "will-o'-the-wisp." Something it must have to cling to, to lean upon, beside the dull, unsympathizing routine of every-day life. From feebleness, power soon rises; the gush of feeling wells up where nothing but arid wastes before existed. Where we enjoy most deeply, love most truly, or act most energetically, enthusiasm ever forms the master-spirit of the depth, the truth,

and the energy. No beginning, without it, ever resulted in an end ; no end ever recognized a deliberate beginning ; the mighty plans of mighty minds never received their impetus, or revolutionized a world : without it, learning is a dry dissertation, science an obsolete by-word, love a cold calculation, hope an unsatisfied straining after things unknown, effort but feebleness, and action a distant contemplation. It is the life-moving principle in the universe : if it take care and anxiety to devise, it takes enthusiasm to execute : if language confess to the possession of any power, it is only so through enthusiasm : if happiness be anything more than an unrealized dream, its enhancement is occasioned by enthusiasm : if knowledge be worth labor, or if life be worth toil and trouble, it is so only from the increased zest enthusiasm fails not to give to its enjoyment.

Take, then, these passports to manhood ; self-reliance, sensibility, enthusiasm—these three.

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“HOPE ON ! HOPE EVER !”

An old man dreams of his lusty years,  
And saith, “I am not old ;  
For I’m come not yet to darkling fears,  
And know not yet of bitter tears,  
And my heart is not grown cold.”  
Oh, how he loves,  
As on he moves,  
To Hope—Hope on—Hope ever !

A youth stands up in the storm of life,  
Arrayed in his martial folds ;  
His banner goes up in the heat of the strife,  
Where shouts and groans and death are rife,  
But his banner he proudly holds.  
For the words so bright  
Gleam through the fight,  
Hope—Hope on—Hope ever !

The maiden that looks in her lover’s eye,  
And reads a written soul,  
Will bravely stand while others fly,  
Nor breathe a murmur or a sigh  
Her heart can not control.  
For the eye she read  
So mildly said—  
Hope—Hope on—Hope ever !

What tells a mother to be of cheer,  
 When her child is gasping before her?  
 When the flush of life is but its sere,  
 And death corrodes the tender year?  
 'Tis the voice of angels o'er her.  
 She looks above,  
 And learns to love—  
 To Hope—Hope on—Hope ever!

On the dizzy tip of the mountain wave—  
 Deep down in the ocean's breast—  
 Still fearful of no watery grave,  
 Still singing to the winds that rave,  
 The sailor is at rest.  
 For there's a voice  
 That says rejoice—  
 Hope—Hope on—Hope ever!

It murmureth now to silvered hairs—  
 The same voice from above:  
 Now to manhood's anxious cares,  
 Now to youth's most fervent prayers,  
 It is a voice of love:  
 Through the long strife  
 Of mortal life—  
 Hope—Hope on—Hope ever!

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PAINE'S "COMMON SENSE" AND "CRISIS."

THERE is a tendency in human nature to magnify the excellences and pardon the defects of those who have entered the literary arena, without what is technically termed a liberal education. To *these* productions it would seem that we ought to be more than ever inclined to grant indulgence, from a sense of national gratitude. Paine, like La Fayette, left the land of his birth, to assist us in the memorable struggle for independence. We do not say he had the same pure motives, or made as great personal sacrifices. But this much is certain, he was of essential assistance to our cause, and for this, at least, he ought to have an impartial hearing. We claim this the more urgently, as we have good reason to believe that, though some few may have read these works and admired them as literary productions, yet they are far from being duly appreciated by the generality of our countrymen. A slight glance at the occasions upon which they were published and the objects they were designed to accomplish, is necessary to set them in a true light.

At the commencement of the Revolution, many of our forefathers clung with obstinate reverence to the government under which they had been nurtured, and around which centered all the endearing affections of kindred and home. They hoped to obtain a redress of their grievances without an appeal to arms, or the more painful step of separation. They doubted, they feared, even after freemen's blood, having stained freedom's soil at Bunker Hill, proclaimed that all else than war was hopeless. Amid such a state of things, "Common Sense" was published. It at once couched the cataracts—unsealed the eyes of the people, so long blinded to their true condition. Like an electric spark, it aroused their indignant feelings, lit up the half-smothered flame of liberty in their bosoms, and procured an immediate vote in favor of independence. There is no instance upon record, where a people wedded to a former habit of thinking, were so suddenly changed to the opposite, as in this. Paine sought to render the wounds of hate too deep for harmony, and few could have carried out their views more skillfully than he has done. He beseeches the people never to think of reconciliation with the barbarous murderers of their parents, children, brothers, and friends. He asserts that reason forbids to have faith in those who had stirred up Indians to destroy them. By the most ingenious arguments, he brings the English government into contempt. He represents monarchy as a sort of popery, into which the Israelites degenerated against the express will of God, who inflicted the heaviest penalties upon them for lusting after a king. By the most cutting sarcasm he turns hereditary succession into ridicule, pronounces a glowing tirade against titles, and in the end we are prepared to say, with him, "of more worth is an honest man to society, and in the sight of God, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."

Of "The Crisis," a series of essays published at various intervals, as necessity required, during the war for independence, we need only say, in general, that they tended further to strengthen the American mind in its aspirations after liberty, and encouraged the sometimes desponding people to union and perseverance. One of them, addressed to the people of England, took the most effectual course of ending the war, by rendering it unpopular at home. It shows how their interest was injured by continuance of the contest, from the loss of a market among us; while, as a free nation, we should be more prosperous, and would consequently purchase more of their commodities.

So much for the historical interest of these productions. But more than this, they have other merits, which entitle them to a place among the standard literature of any country. Unlike most political essays, they have not lost their interest with the occasion which called them forth. Written with a pen fired from the burning altar of liberty, they glowed with a brilliancy that few have equaled. Meeting with vast popularity at the time, they were not merely impressed with the current stamp, but contained also the elements of durability. Their effect then, may have depended upon the accident of public opinion, but their value now, comes from real, intrinsic worth. The first characteristic of their style is its popular cast. Paine was emphatically the people's

writer. He sought to mirror forth their peculiar views and feelings. His manner of thinking, his illustrations, his language—all were adapted to their taste and comprehension. He echoed the sentiments he found prevailing in the community, though few others, perhaps, had the courage to express them. His recklessness and his daring just fitted him for the part he acted. At imminent risk of liberty and life, he advocated the popular cause, while his every-day shrewdness and pith, expressed in a certain off-hand, dashing manner, could not but meet with favor and popularity from the multitude.

In the mere matter of composition, Paine had the happy talent of adapting his style to whatever subject he understood. He is equally a master and at home in every species of writing that employed his pen. In ridicule and wit he is at times unrivaled. His letter to Lord Howe is scarcely surpassed, even by Junius, in invective and rebuke, though he has far less generally of this keen satire and glittering point, and affords not so rich an intellectual banquet to men of letters and scholars, as Woodfall's Great Unknown. In narration and reasoning, he is always appropriate and clear. Whether he choose to load his opponent with bitter irony or influence him by earnest expostulation, he is equally successful and victorious. There is a pungency in his manner of uttering the simplest truths, that gives point to every thing he touches. His writings have the appearance of a collection of aphorisms. He often concentrates the substance of his paragraphs into a smart sentence, the force, the brevity and perspicuity of which could not fail of producing a deep impression. Take this, "an array of principles can enter where an army of men can not," as one of a thousand instances. His illustrations and occasional flights are rendered peculiarly striking, by being set off with the plainest and most simple groundwork.

We are not insensible to Paine's faults. In matter he was far from being a sound philosopher. The fallacies into which he afterwards fell, would make us distrust him on this point, without any other cause for such apprehension. But we can account for his failure in this respect, from the fact that his mind had never been disciplined by metaphysical speculation. He had never drunk long or deep enough from the fountain of knowledge, to enable him to collect and combine numerous and widely scattered facts, such as are required to philosophize in abstruse questions of universal application. Then in general theories of politics and morals, demanding patient research, long investigation, and elaborate reasoning, his opinions are often rash and incorrect. In profundity and comprehensive sagacity, he is inferior to Burke, though he is at times full as fine a declaimer, and has almost equal fancy. Yet this charge applies not to the essays under consideration. The range of facts upon which the justice of our revolutionary contest depended was limited, and they being obvious, his deductions are just and conclusive. It was a question of practical and immediate policy—the materials upon which it rested were ready at hand—and his decisions were in the main sound. Nor does his superficiality interfere with our previous assertion, that he was the people's writer. Favor with

them is not found by diving into the depths of science, or soaring aloft into the world of metaphysics, but in catching the whispering murmurs of the popular breeze, and appealing to the universal sympathies of humanity.

In style, too, Paine was not infallible. But we must remember in extenuation, that these are not studied productions, which the author kept by him to touch and retouch at leisure, but were flung off upon the spur of the moment, to meet the necessity of the occasion. The contrast between him and Burke in this, is too striking to be passed by. Paine never altered what he had once written, while Burke was never done changing and adding, and his Letter to a Noble Lord is said to have been so interlined by him, in the proof-sheet, that the compositor was obliged to reset it. The first conceptions of genius are usually said to be rude and uncouth; but whatever other defects "Common Sense" and the "Crisis" contain, they certainly are not wanting in elegance and polish. They have few, if any of the common faults of political writers. They are never marred with pointless anecdote, heavy familiarity or labored bombast. They show not, it is true, a mind stored with extensive and indiscriminate reading, for Paine was no great devourer of books, purposely abstaining from some kinds of knowledge, to concentrate himself upon political subjects. The literature he was acquainted with, however, was choice and select, and the few quotations he has made are exceedingly apt.

Had Paine only written these essays, we venture to say his name, now instead of being a byword of contempt, would have been blazoned upon the scroll of that glorious few, who, for their high services and exalted worth are honored and esteemed among men. No tribute would have been thought too great, no praise too high, which the united voice of a grateful people could bestow. As it is, however, many fear that even these productions are tinged with infidel principles, and condemn them at once, without an examination. So far is this from being true, that they contain no allusion to the Deity without the most reverential mention. Our author has also been unfortunate in the want of an impartial biographer. This most sacred of all tasks has been undertaken by his professed enemies, the English, who, for political purposes, wished to bring him into contempt. Take but a single instance. There was put forth at Dublin, in 1792, what purports to be "The Life of Thomas Paine, with a Defence of his Writings," but which bears baseness in its very title. With this sounding declaration it is full of unjust attacks upon Paine, with scarcely a word of commendation upon himself or his writings.

Thus, amid unfounded suspicion on the one hand, and base falsehood on the other, these political essays unjustly partake of the stigma which enshroud their author, and are but little read. While our press groans, and the shelves of our bookstores are filled with well-printed, well-bound editions of foreign political essayists, a miserably printed and every way miserably got up edition of Paine's Political Writings, published many years since, can hardly be found at all. And this, too, when the former relate to the domestic transactions of other govern-

ments, of little if any consequence to us, and the latter, behind none in beauty of style and grace of composition, have all the additional interest of being intimately associated with that event from which we date our national existence, and in which we glory so much.

We have every reason to regret this. In it our nation is not only herself unthankful, but actually wrongs itself. It robs its people of all the salutary influence these life-giving productions might exert, in inculcating sound principles, and inspiring a pure spirit of liberty. Nothing could be better calculated to teach the value of our democratic institutions, and give zeal in their maintenance, than a general dissemination of the works under review. They transport us to the animating scenes amid which they were produced. We feel the hardships and encounter the difficulties by which our rights were obtained. We imbibe the spirit of the time, and enter with glowing ardor into the contest that was then waging. We bring our minds to contemplate a fountain, from whence are reflected the popular feelings and prevailing sentiments of that period, as clearly and distinctly as the glassy lake mirrors in its crystal surface the shrubbery that overhangs from its shores. Deprived of these, it will be no wonder if, in the time of their country's need, its citizens, to borrow Paine's own expressive language, prove "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots."

Again, we should give them their due amount of praise as an encouragement to rising merit. Honorable reputation is the highest recompense society can bestow, but to preserve its worth it must be allotted with fairness. It is not an innocent thing to give a large portion to him who merits it not, and it is certainly criminal to rob a deserving man of his just share. Few are insensible to the desire of fame. With a chance of obtaining it, they will be animated by emulation and their talents rendered useful to society. But when they see success so doubtful, and honor so ill distributed, they will despair in the first heat of the race, retire to pass their life in inactive obscurity. Thus we see upon every hand, we are called to be just to this author's memory. Let us hope, then, that the reputation of his political writings, no longer made barren by the winter of neglect, may yet bud forth with the freshness of spring, and blossom with the beauty of summer, until matured into the rich fullness of autumn, it shall be gathered and preserved in the granary of Time, never again to suffer from the cold indifference of the world.

D.

## SENSIBILITY.

Nothing in the world is single. From the planet in heaven, down to the minutest atom on the earth, all nature is bound together by a chain of mutual affections. Nor is man, the miniature of all other creation, insensible to the same unvarying laws. His physical nature is not more conformed to the laws by which all matter is governed, than his mind obedient to the influences by which it is surrounded. While God has given to mind a partial control over, He has made it subject to matter, in an equal, though not reciprocal degree. Subservience to this control, combined with that of the circumstances and men around him, is sensibility; susceptibility to impression from whatever is external. In either extreme this cannot but be an unhappy quality. The mind so delicately sensitive as to be appalled by the least fear, or elated by the most trifling joy; in constant alternation between despondency and hope, is ill adapted to the jostling of this turbulent and gairish world of ours. On the contrary, the mind so insensate as to remain unmoved amid every vicissitude, is equally unsuited to the battle-field of stern prejudice and stormy passion. Discarding therefore any ideal extremity, we shall consider this quality as exemplified in the men and scenes around us. First its influence upon the social; secondly, the intellectual being of man. No one will so far impeach the divine benevolence as to deny that there are more sources of joy than sorrow offered to the choice of man. Happiness is a primitive, unhappiness an incidental principle in the human breast. There is nothing in nature, in the relations of society or the pursuits of life, but it may subserve the highest enjoyment of mankind. If, therefore, an acute sensibility is equally alive to impressions of pain and pleasure; conceding the truth of our premise, the aggregate amount of happiness will be proportioned to the measure of susceptibility. This may be illustrated by a contrast of different nations, in their habits of life, which are in a great measure qualified by the degree of enthusiasm which pervades the mass of mind. Who shall say that the active and bustling American, ever absorbed in the current of business, now surrendering his energies to one, and now devoted with equal zeal to another pursuit; at one time succumbing to fortune, at another rising above its shafts, is less happy or less prosperous than the titled of other nations, who, moving in the same round of habitual associations, and placed as it were above the reach of circumstance, are insensible to the scenes around them. Even as the loftiest music is the unison of discordant sounds, so it is only by alternations of joy and sorrow that the highest happiness is attained. But let us inquire into the directer influence which a lively sensibility exerts upon the mind. We often hear it called a distorted medium, through which everything is brought to the mind in exaggerated colors. That the mind under its sway, veering from the true and steadfast course, turns aside to the mean absurdities which it swells into importance. A sort of microscope to which no-



thing but atoms of things may be subjected. We shall venture to claim that it is the focus in which things apparently unimportant converge and grow to their proper measure. Were we to suppose a mind entirely aloof from the control of judgment, the former might be true. But Reason does not always sleep in Fancy's bower. From the most tumultuous pleasures, the mind ever retires within itself, and comparing the images which *varying* scenes have presented, reduces them to their proper shades. Often amid the noisiest revelry, when the voice, that daughter of music, and its twin sister, the dance, hold their devotees in spell, has the noble and generous action been inspired. If we consult the memorials of the great and good, we shall find them not from among a surly priesthood, in "grief and grogram clad," they were and they are those, who once tried in the same ordeal, have keenly felt the distresses of their fellows and nobly dared in their relief. Who have been our Sidneys, our Howards, and Henrys, the memory of whose splendid philanthropy will live till

"The last syllable of recorded time."

And whose are the names that will go down, branded with the dark distinctions of infidel and misanthrope? This leads us to another view of the subject. It is those of cold and insensitive minds upon whom the truths of revelation and the attributes of God make no impression.

Our convictions of the existence of a Deity arise not so much from the revelations which make such existence certain, as the impressions stamped upon us by the forms of nature. Most minds require something tangible, from which to draw their conceptions. A theorem in philosophy, however consistent, is unsatisfactory to the inquisition until confirmed by experiment. Such minds read in the star-paved heaven, in the terrible waters, the Bible of the universe, the only sure Apocalypse. If, then, there be among us some "hopeless, dark idolators of chance," who, wedded to a joyless idealism, feel no thrill at the grand and awful in nature, such apathy results from insensibility to the lessons which they convey. The truth of this is confirmed by the lives and characters of those who have become notorious for their skepticism. The calm life and seemingly resigned death of Hume is quoted by his blinded worshipers, as exemplifying the confidence which a great mind can repose in such dark fanaticism. He passed a tranquil indeed, and apparently a happy life, but the even tenor of his life was the result of that same insensibility which led him into such fatal error. He died a calm death, but was it

"The calmness of the good?"

Or, guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?"

Voltaire, a younger brother, so witty, profligate, and thin, though of a more fiery temperament, was the same cold, unfeeling thing. Now the sage of Ferney, now loungee at the Café de Procope, now jeering in grim mockery at his God, and now lapped in the soft dalliance of the

Marquise du Chatelet; wherever we view him he is the same. "The accomplished Frivolist." There are some who may seem exceptions. Shelley, of the generous heart, Shelley, of the golden wing, wrapped up in the fiery web of poesy, was indeed of a different order. But search all his grand imaginings, which were the transcript of his heart, and you find no breathing spirit there. His great conceptions stalk forth like ghosts amid the place of tombs, clad in the cold cerements of death.

We might quote other instances kindred to these, but it will perhaps be objected that such are insular cases, far outnumbered by those who, led on by a blind sensibility, rush into fanciful dangers, and become victims of misfortune and discontent. Let it be remembered, however, that the number of those who have the ability to conceive, and the daring to publish theories and head sects, is small compared with those who, insensible to the evidences of a God, cherish the same unbelief.

"The friendless slaves, children without a sire,  
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,  
Lights to the grave a chance-created form,  
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm."

Indeed, we may assert that the majority of those who are "without God in the world," are of those who live in this apathy—too cold to be sensible of truth, and too stubborn to believe when convinced. We have so far considered sensibility as a happiness principle, in its influence to solder the relations of society; and as consequent to this its bearing upon the *final* destiny of man. Its sway over his intellectual character is equally great and salutary. Locke somewhere says "what is it to exert—it is to feel." The greatest are those who have felt most, lived most. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Corneille, and Racine, and lastly, Milton, all in their respective ages and countries, were thrown among stormy times. If space were allowed to analyze the distinctive features of their minds, we might easily trace the influence of the scenes among which they moved. Our ideas spring from our sensations. Genius is the refiner of our sensations. It is the interpreter of nature. Whether it be employed to detect the secrets of the earth, to "unwind the dances" of the sky, or to analyze the heart of man, its office is ever the same:

"The wide-seeing eye,  
Catching the delicate shades, yet apt to hold  
The whole in its embrace.

The sphere of a great man is not always on the "spirit's Alpine peaks." He must be warm with the sympathies, and quick with the sensibilities of those around him. To make others feel, he must feel himself. Where were the power of the deep mind and eloquent tongue, were they deprived, Cassandra like, of the power of making others believe. How then can they perform the high offices, and achieve the high rewards of genius, who shut themselves entirely from the living, to hold converse with the dead. Many and melancholy examples might be adduced of those who have sought to quench acute sensibilities in

retirement. They are too familiar to need quotation. Let it not be supposed that we are of those who believe no time should be devoted to silent thought. Let it not be thought that we admire those intellectual worldlings who flirt among us, "with rings on their fingers, and baby-work to their shirts." The mind must have its seasons of retirement in which to harmonize its emotions into thought; its sensations into "forms that breathe." We believe, however, in community of mind. Those were dark ages in which all the knowledge, all the virtue was shut up in the cloisters of monks. We can not suppose that a man of genius is the epitome of all humanity. We can not think that he is affected by all the hopes, and fears, and loves, of his kind. He must, therefore, converse with man in all his relations, and moreover, he must have a quick sensation of all that affects man, else how can he know

"All the springs  
That wake his joy and sorrow,  
All that uplifts him on emotion wrings,  
Each longing for a fair and blest to-morrow,  
Each tone that soothes or saddens, all that rings,  
Joyously to him.

Although among men, he is not of men. The real great man is no time-server. He is his own model and exemplar. High above the reach of his kind, by delicate perceptions it is his to show each man his relative position, and the character he must sustain. We often hear it said that great sensibility unfits a man of genius to answer his important end; that he can not brook the venom of critics—the jeers of a merciless world. Opinion is indeed a stern judge. Its minions are often treated like the banqueters of Sisera—with death. Still, were great minds suffered to prescribe their own laws, with how sad an independence were they vested. It is a nice regard for, a fear even of public criticism, which directs intellectual effort into proper and useful channels. So far from disheartening the great man, collision with the minds around him, "makes his armor bright." We seldom detect complaint in the truly great, whatever opposition they are forced to buffet. Sustained by the assurance that trials herald triumphs, "press on" is ever the watchword, and the excitement of conflict is the parent of great effort. Could we have known Milton after the reception of his noble poem, should we have heard sickly repinings at fate? No. To live in the present were bright,

"But brighter far,  
The hope that drew him like a heavenly star."

When a host of driveling scribblers were in notice and favor, and the plays of Dryden were hissed from the stage, did he droop? No. His was still

"The highest pinion  
In the midway air."

There have been exceptions to such. "Fame puts her finger on her lips" when the name of Keats is spoken. A keen sensibility and a weak constitution, in *him* it was the *blessing* which proved the bane. Without that sensibility where were the touching tenderness which breathes through the Eve of St. Agnes? Great sensibility is inseparable from great ability. It is the distinguishing quality of genius. Talent *may* exist without it, but the inquisition, the creative power ever owns its influence. Finally, it makes life active, earnest, useful. It makes man, pure, social, and like his God.

"Brief in his power, oblivion waits the churl  
Bound to his own poor self; his form decays,  
But sooner fades his names."

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FORGET ME NOT.

"Thou'lt forget me when I'm gone"—SHAK.

I.

FORGET thee! ah! and can'st thou think  
Affection's bonds so cold?  
That blighting time soon rusts the link,  
Which bound the heart of old?  
Though the kindled flame may paler grow,  
Because it is not fed,  
The vital spark still glows below,  
Till life within is fled.

II.

Forget thee! no! when pleasure fills  
Her goblets to the brim,  
And mirth and joy, like sparkling rills,  
No breath of care may dim;  
When sorrow's clouds are gathered round  
The heart that once was gay;  
When the sombre veil of night is bound,  
Around the face of day.

III.

Forget thee! no! while fancy moulds  
Bright images that last,  
While the sleepless eye of memory holds  
Its vigils o'er the past.  
Forget thee! no! when death is near,  
To claim the tribute due,  
One constant thought shall draw the tear,  
That thought so full of you.

J. P.

## A REGULAR BACKWOOD'S WEDDING.

Low down in one of the forest counties of Old Kentuck, happened the incident that I am now about to relate. A party of the delectable of both sexes had collected from the neighborhood around, at a feast under the shade of some beach trees, and were delighting themselves, some with dancing, others with singing, and eating, and so on, when, to the great astonishment of all, it was observed that two of the choicest spirits had left the gay scene.

In a moment they had mounted on a mule, which had been evidently debarred the rights of his tribe, to corn and fodder for a serious length of time—a gay cavalier and a captivating dulcinea!

A charger, not exactly caparisoned like a palfrey of the Elizabethan age, walked deliberately, and we thought at the time, with "malice aforethought," up to a decayed pine log, and came to a dead stand. Off rolled the knight, in a perfectly "don't-care-a-darn" manner, and without casting a glance at the fair one by his side, or giving her the slightest assistance in dismounting, he drew a bee line for the encampment; jumping over every thing that offered any resistance to his passage, and singing at the top of his voice. By way of accompaniment he cracked, with inimitable grace, a huge whip which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of Camanche braves.

"He's some," said a friend near us, who was indulging in a cachinatory fit at the strange phenomenon.

"The wild man of the woods, for a V!" cried a wag on our right, who had mounted a log to have a clear view of the critter.

"Two to one he's the feller that butted the bull off the bayou bridge," exclaimed Ben Blower, from Snake Creek.

Our hero heard not or heeded not these complimentary remarks, but made his way up to the company in fine style. He was indeed an original. His height could not have been less than six feet four, without shoes or stockings, which he considered useless appendages. He wore a "shocking bad hat," with a hole in the top, through which a tuft of red hair found egress, and waved to and fro like the cap of a corn stalk on a windy day. His coat was of nut dried, home manufacture, minus the skirt, which he said he lost in an encounter with a wild cat he had slain on the road. His shirt collar was thrown open, disclosing a breast tanned by suns of some twenty years, and his inexpressibles, which appeared to be on bad terms with his feet, leaving them about two feet leeward, were hitched up on one side with a buckskin brace, giving them a zigzag appearance, decidedly unique. Surveying the assemblage for a moment with the attention he would have given to a menagerie of wild beasts, he broke forth thus:

"Fellers, I'd just like to know if there's a squire in these parts."

"Do you mean the judge?" asked an estimable citizen.

"Yes, I spose—don't care a pine knot who, so's he can do the thing," replied the stranger, giving his whip a peculiar crack.

"What may be your business, friend;" inquired a demure 'sovereign' in the crowd.

"Nothen' much no how;" replied the modest Nimrod. I only wants the feller that can harness me and that gal on old Rattler, yonder. She's just the loudest gal, I reckon, in the settlement; as slick as a peeled maple, and as clear grit as a skinned tater rolled in the sand, and I'm called a whole team, and a big dog under a wagon. I've snaked it about these woods for a week, lookin' for a squire to hitch us, and wore out a pair of deer-skin breeches lookin' for him; and I wish I may be rammed through a gum tree, head foremost, if I'm goin' to pack Suze any further; I come here to yoke her, and here I'm goin' to stay."

The roar of laughter that followed this simple recital was deafening. We lost four buttons in convulsive fits, and it is quite probable we should have suffered largely in that line had not the judge arrived at that moment, and given a new turn to affairs. The judge was unlike the great poet's justice—

"In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes serene, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,"

but he was as lean as a Grahamite, living entirely on bran bread and fricasseed radishes. With the undying zeal of the Israelite, he thunders forth anathemas against four-footed animals, and considers ornithology a fit study for cannibals. These are the sentiments of the judge; albeit in politics he strangely enough "goes the whole hog." At one time, we learn he was an expounder of the Methodist faith, and traversed the country in company with the devout and exemplary Father Redwine. This may account for the serious cast of countenance peculiar to him. On the present occasion, he was dressed in the height of the fashion. He wore a "west of England" invisible green coat, the collar of which was perpendicular, and corded *a la colegean*, giving the wearer quite a magisterial appearance. His cashmere vest was buttoned quite up to the chin, over the top of which protruded an enormous pair of jet whiskers, such as are worn by brigands, whom sensitive young ladies hold in such estimation. His pantaloons, of fancy stripe, were neatly strapped to a pair of patent leather boots, and French kids encased his small delicate hands, in which he held the license that was to bind together "two willing hearts."

The judge now proceeded to business, calling on the gay Lothario, we have imperfectly described, to "trot out" his bride.

"You're the man for my yaller quarter,"\* said our hero in ecstasies, and away he went in a run for Suze. With one effort of his brawny arm he took her from the mule and brought her to the centre of an enclosure, formed by the company, his eye dilating, and his whole frame

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\* Half eagle.

exhibiting signs of joy unspeakable. The bride was a bouncing prairie beauty, on whom Time had smiled in his rapid course. She wore a blue calico dress, full in every part, thus permitting

"Every grace  
To run a race."

A string of blue beads ornamented a good substantial neck, none of your "swan-like" things, and her head-gear was a cotton handkerchief, with scarlet stripes, and yellow groundwork, tied gracefully under the chin, and concealing the flaxen curls that struggled for liberty. Her shoes might have given your *recherche* fashionable ladies the hysterics, but they united comfort and durability, and effectually closed the door to that fell destroyer, consumption. In the hurry of the moment, doubtless, she made an invidious distinction between those necessary appendages, classically called "insect destroyers," one of which lacked the blue sock—but this was an omission, not a fault. Her blue eye, as it rested on the chosen one, spoke eloquently of abiding love, and her handsome face was wreathed in smiles.

The judge glanced at the paper in his hands, and then in an impressive tone, demanded of the groom—

"Will you take Susan Jenkins as your lawful wedded wife?"

"Well, hoss, I reckon I will, I wouldn't have rid since daylight, and packed her here if I didn't mean to do the clean thing;" answered our hero.

"And you, Susan, will you take Cyrus Snorter as your lawful wedded husband?"

"Yes, squire, that I will; dad said I oughter married Bill Swizzle, but I'll see him hanged first. He danced with old, ugly Bets Foler, and give her a bran new shawl. Besides that, he got drunk, fell off his horse, and broke his leg. Sy is good enough for me;" replied the spirited beauty.

This was too much for Sy; he jumped for joy, and clasped the adorable Suze to his bosom, giving her a smack that resembled the noise created by the popping of a cork from a champagne bottle.

"Stop, sir," said the judge, "the ceremony is not completed."

"Go it, my squire," shouted Sy, "I will be as a wild cat catching a deer."

The silken knot was now tied, and amid the smiles and white 'kerchiefs waving of the ladies, Sy carried his blushing bride to the mule, placed her behind him, and in a twinkling was on the road to home and happiness.

SPAT.

## TO MY MOTHER AT FIFTY.

GENTLY, Time, thou'lt touch these locks,  
And gently press this brow;  
Nor dim too soon a mother's eye  
That always looked as now.  
Seal not these lips, that always spoke  
Fond love's devoted care,  
Nor bend this form, at which I knelt  
And breathed my childish prayer!

Softly, Time, thou'lt sing to her  
A long *half-century* song,  
And gently thou wilt lead her on,  
Where crowding memories throng.  
Thou'lt point her down Life's rugged road,  
And warn of unseen powers—  
But let her slowly wander on  
Amid the fleeting hours!

Slowly, Time, thou'lt drop this arm,  
Age-palsied by her side;  
And slowly—slowly cease the flow  
Of Life's fast ebbing tide!  
Take from me whate'er thou askest,—  
Joys or crowding years;  
Let *her* be the one that passeth  
Slowly through the Vale of Tears.

## A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. ABRAHAM PIERSON,

## FIRST PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

THE brilliant achievements of those, whom the world calls great, are apt to dazzle us with their splendor, and to bewilder our judgment, in estimating the intrinsic excellence of the characters they commemorate, while the benevolent actions, the disinterested motives, and the spotless lives of the truly *good*, are contemplated in a purer light. The heroic deeds of the warrior, and the noble efforts of the statesman, are themes on which the poet and the historian have ever delighted to dwell. They love to cast the hues of strong feeling, and vivid imagination on their characters, and to present them to the world, as "burning lights," which shall continue to shine through successive ages with undiminished lustre. And while these figure so conspicuously in the moral firm-



ment, it is a difficult matter to ascertain how much of the light is their own, and how much is bestowed upon them by their panegyrists.

On the contrary, those gentle, unassuming characters, that pass through the world without making a great noise—who never stand in public places to herald their own good acts, and whose greatest ambition is to *be* good, and to do good, are often, too often suffered to pass unnoticed, and to be forgotten to posterity. The circles which feel their immediate influence, leaving the world, bearing with them the records of their love, which are firmly printed on their hearts, and no memorial of their labors, and kind offices of these good men, remains to endure them to posterity, save a few traditional tales, and the fact that they were born, accomplished a good work, the influences of which are constantly felt, but never appreciated, and that they died.

When, however, one such is rescued from oblivion, and a simple but accurate delineation of the prominent acts of his life, are given; when the motives which actuated, the virtues which adorned him, and the effects which have resulted from his labors, are understood, the mind contemplates him with a devoted enthusiasm, and affectionate regard, such as is due a benefactor only. To the sons of Yale, therefore, the history of those, who brought into existence their *Alma Mater*, and who nourished her in her infancy, can not but be interesting. They are too sensible of her fostering care, and too grateful for the benefits she has conferred upon them in her "womanhood," to disregard any little tribute that may be offered to the memory of *her* benefactors during the days of her weakness.

Regarding with due reverence, the name of each of the devoted TEN who embarked upon "the laudable undertaking of the founding a college here," let us select from their number, our father *Abraham*, who was the chosen seed, and in whose fruit the earth hath rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and learn the history of him.

We have been unable to ascertain any thing concerning the character of Rector Pierson in his youth. There is a complete veil thrown over it, which can only be partially withdrawn by a reasonable conjecture, formed from the influences which were at work around him, and upon the character he manifestly sustained in after life.

It is one of the truest maxims in the world, "that a man is known by the company he keeps," and it is scarcely less true that his character "is faithfully mirrored from that of his early instructors." Knowing the character of these, we shall not often be misled, when we make it the foundation upon which we rest our judgment, in estimating the character of those placed in their hands, and under their care by Providence, unless we neglect to bring into consideration the counter influences which may be at work, and which tend to paralyze the effects which we might otherwise reasonably expect.

It is well known, that among the New England Puritans, the ministers of the Gospel were men of the greatest influence. They were generally graduates of some of the English Universities, and fleeing from their mother country for "conscience sake," were almost the only

ones whose education fitted them for the responsible duties of overseeing the infant colonies. The young men, who were intended for the ministry, were placed entirely under their instruction, and being a strict and conscientious body, we can readily calculate their influence on the young minds. Rector Pierson's father being a minister in high standing, and having the sole supervision of his son, in fitting him for college, and being one who would naturally exert an influence over him which no other one could, it will not, we think, be improper or uninteresting to introduce a brief sketch of his life, which we are enabled to present by the kindness of a devoted son of this institution, for whose liberality we tender our hearty thanks.

The Rev. Abraham Pierson, Sen., was for sometime a minister in Yorkshire, England, and during the time that prelacy was in the ascendant, under Archbishops Laud and Neile, he was obliged, with many other "godly teachers," to fly his country. He came over to Boston in 1639, and joined himself to the church there. Soon after, he went to Lyme and connected himself with the English emigrants, who made a stand there, and subsequently removed with them to Long Island. He consented to accompany them as their pastor, and materially assisted in the settlement of Southampton in 1640. In sentiment, he agreed with the Rev. John Davenport, of New Haven, and became his warm friend and supporter. With him, he wished to vest all civil as well as ecclesiastical power in the church, and to allow none but church members to act in the choice of the officers of government\* or to be eligible as such. Accordingly he was anxious that the settlement of Southampton should become connected with New Haven as Southold had been, and was dissatisfied with the agreement to come under the colony of Connecticut in 1644. In consequence, soon after, in 1647, Mr. Pierson, with a small portion of his congregation, removed to Branford, Mr. John Sherman, the minister of that place having moved to Watertown, Mass.

The settlement of Branford had commenced in October, 1644, but as yet no church had been gathered there. They soon formed one, however, and the new settlement received an impulse from his coming thither, so that it continued to prosper until the charter of Connecticut was obtained, in 1662, including within its limits the jurisdiction of New Haven. In the meanwhile Mr. Pierson had acquired considerable influence, and was much beloved by his people. Having learned the Indian tongue, he taught among the natives, but his labors met with poor success, as all others of the kind had done before. In the year 1654, he was selected as chaplain to the forces raised against the Dutch, and seems to have enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the ministers and clergy connected with the confederacy of New Haven.

In the contentions between the jurisdictions of Connecticut and New Haven, from 1662 to 1665, Mr. Pierson took sides with Mr. Daven-

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\* For a full explanation of Mr. Davenport's theory, the reader is referred to Prof. Kingsley's *Historical Discourse*.

port and others against the union, and so strong were his feelings on this subject, that when that event took place he resolved to remove with his people from the colony. Arrangements were accordingly made, and on the 30th of October, 1665, Mr. Pierson, with most of his congregation, and many prominent individuals from Guilford, New Haven, and Milford, made and signed a plantation covenant, for that purpose, the first article of which was "that none shall be admitted freemen, or free burgesses, but such planters as are members of some or other of the Congregational churches, and that none but such be chosen to magistracy, or to carry on any part of civil judicature, or as deputies or assistants, to have power to vote in establishing laws, making and repealing them, or to any chief military trust or office."

In 1667, Mr. Pierson, with most of his people left Branford, and directing his course to New Jersey, commenced a settlement on the banks of a river there, and called the name of the new town Nadark. Dr. Trumbull says "that Mr. Pierson, and almost all his church, removed about this time, (1667,) and carried away the church records of Branford, after it had been settled nearly twenty-five years, and left it almost without inhabitants." The year after, in 1668, his people voted to pay the expenses of his coming thither, and to allow him eighty pounds salary per year.

This was the third colony he had planted, and now, in his declining years, he sat down with his people under a code of laws of his own choice, and remained with them, much beloved until his death. He died in 1680, "in a good old age, an old man and full of years; and was gathered to his people." Mr. Pierson was evidently a clergyman of superior abilities, and although firm almost to obstinacy, in maintaining his theocratical principles, he nevertheless was extremely mild and amiable in his disposition and deportment. Cotton Mather says of him, that "wherever he came he shone," and that "he left behind him the character of a pious and prudent man, and a true child of Abraham, now safely lodged in *Sina-Abraha*."\* Such were the main incidents in the life of him who reared our first president, and the probable influence such a father had in forming the character of a son, we leave it for the candid reader to judge.

The Rev. Abraham Pierson, Jr., was born at Branford, in about the year 1645. The precise date of his birth is not known. He was educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1668, and was classmate with Zechariah Whitman and John Prudden, both of Milford. In the year 1670, he was admitted to the ministry, and soon after, was

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\* A list of Mr. Pierson's family has been furnished us by an antiquarian. It is not known whom he married. His children were Abigail, born about 1640, who married Mr. John Davenport, Jr., of New Haven, Nov. 27, 1662; Thomas, born about 1643, married to Mary Taintor, daughter of Mr. Michael Taintor, of Branford; also, Nov. 27, 1662, and removed to Newark with his father, 1667; Abraham, born about 1645, afterwards "Rector of Yale College;" John, born 1647; Grace, born at Branford, June 13, 1650; Susannah, born Dec. 10, 1652; Rebecca, Dec. 10, 1654; Theophilus, May 15, 1659, and perhaps others.

ordained as colleague with his father in the church at Newark, and survived him as sole pastor, for more than ten years after his death. In 1693, he obtained a dismission from that church and left it to the care of his classmate, the Rev. John Prudden, and in the following year he was installed over the church at Killingworth. On the dismission of their former minister, the Rev. John Woodbridge, in 1679, the Church fell into dissensions and foolish quarrels, and became so distracted that no minister could be settled there until Mr. Pierson, as has been well expressed by another, "was sent to them as an angel of peace." Under his ministry all dissensions were healed, and the feelings of all hearts were concentrated in him. So great had become the attachment of his people to him, when the collegiate school was established in 1701, that the invitations given him by the trustees to become its rector, were looked upon with manifest jealousy and dislike.

In the efforts made to found a college in Connecticut, Mr. Pierson had not been indifferent or inactive. He partook largely of the zeal which characterized the whole body of the clergy in this enterprise, and looked forward with fond anticipation to the time when this favorite project should be carried into effect. His hopes were soon realized. In the year 1699 he was chosen as one of ten of the "principal ministers" who were nominated and agreed upon by general consent, to act as trustees "to found, erect, and govern a college." Some time in the same year they met in New Haven, and formed themselves into a society, "to consist of eleven ministers, including a rector, and agreed to found a college in the colony of Connecticut." They held another meeting in Branford soon after, and each of the trustees bringing some books, presented them to the association, using these words, or something to their effect; "*I give these books for the founding a college in this colony.*" The books thus contributed consisted of forty folio volumes, which were placed in the charge of the Rev. Mr. Russell, the minister of Branford, who acted as librarian. This formal proceeding has ever been considered the beginning of the college. It was in the year 1700 that this meeting was held in Branford, though the precise date has not been ascertained.

At a session of the colonial Congress, which met in New Haven in October, 1701, a petition was presented to that body, signed by many ministers and others, which stated "that from a sincere regard to, and zeal for upholding the Protestant religion, by a succession of learned and orthodox men, they had proposed that a collegiate school should be erected in this colony, wherein youth should be instructed in all parts of learning, to qualify them for public employments in church and civil state, and that they had nominated ten ministers to be trustees, partners, or undertakers, for founding, endowing, and ordering the said school, and thereupon desired that full liberty and privilege might be granted to the said undertakers for that end." On the 9th of October, 1701, the Assembly granted a charter to the "Collegiate School." After receiving their charter, the trustees met at Saybrook, November 17th, 1701, and chose Mr. Pierson to take charge of the college in its instruction and government, under the title of Rector.

Mr. Pierson had become prominent as one of the most distinguished scholars in New England. Philosophy and science, his favorite studies, were cultivated by him with the enthusiasm of a devotee. Fond of acquiring, he was equally fond of communicating knowledge; so that however much he was attached to his people, it is doubtful whether his feelings were not still more inclined to the infant university to which evidently he looked forward for his remembrance among posterity. His methods of instruction and government in the college, met with general approbation. He had already composed a system of Natural Philosophy, which he introduced in the college, and which continued as the manual in that department for many years after his death.

No plan of studies appears to have been formed by the trustees, and it is probable that the course of instruction then pursued in Harvard College, was generally adopted; and that this came under the order that where no special provision had been made, "the laws of Harvard College should be the rule."

"The first student in the collegiate school was Jacob Hemingway, who was graduated at Saybrook in 1704, and who was afterwards, for many years, the minister at East Haven. He entered the seminary as a regular member in March, 1702, and continued alone under the instruction of Mr. Pierson, till September of the same year. At this time the number of students being increased to eight, they were put in different classes, according to their previous acquirements. One of these, John Hart, afterwards minister at East Guilford, who graduated alone in 1703, had been three years at Cambridge. The first Commencement was held at Saybrook in September, 1702, when four young gentlemen, who had before been graduated at Harvard, and one other who had been privately educated, received the degree of Master of Arts, and one received the degree of Bachelor. As the prospects of the college were now brighter, and the number of the students had increased, Mr. Daniel Hooker of Farmington, a graduate of Harvard College, and grandson of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, the first minister of Hartford, was elected Tutor."

The students were instructed in Killingworth, by the rector and a tutor, and recited in the house of the former. The Commencements were held privately at Saybrook, in the house of Mr. Buckingham, who was one of the trustees. None were allowed to attend except the friends of the candidates, ministers of the gospel, and perhaps a few other influential persons. The exercises consisted generally of a Latin oration from the Rector, a Tutor, or a Master, and a syllogistic dispute between some of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor. The exercises closed as now, with a prayer by the rector.

The prosperous and ambitious village of Saybrook, encouraged by its success in having the Commencements held there instead of New Haven, became desirous that Mr. Pierson should remove there with his students, and so permanently establish the college in that place. Earnest endeavors were made to enlist his feelings in favor of the contemplated removal. This excited jealousy on the part of his people.—They became so uneasy on this subject that they began openly to ex-

press their unwillingness that he should continue as the rector. The distracted spirits which he had allayed on becoming their pastor, by his mild and convincing manners and rhetoric, again began to be turbulent. Up to this time his church and society had been particularly prosperous under his ministry. Their meeting house had been enlarged and beautified, and on the 30th of August, 1703, a bell, one of the first that ever rang in this State, was procured from England, and hung in its steeple. The idea, therefore, that the college was seducing the affections of their pastor, and anxiety about his contemplated removal, caused such a commotion in their feelings, that on the 21st of September, 1705, he addressed the following letter to his congregation, for the purpose of allaying the ferment which was evidently increasing.

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF KILLINGWORTH.—Sirs: Whereas I perceive there is a misapprehension of my answer at New Haven to the Rev. Trustees of the Collegiate School, lately published in part among you, I do declare as followeth, viz: That in their motion to me there were two things,

"1st. Their desire that I should take the care and conduct of said school.

"2nd. That I should remove with said school to the place by them appointed for it.

"To the first of these I answered as you have heard. The true meaning whereof was that I durst not deny a divine call to attend to that work so far as was consistent with my ministerial work among you, and accordingly I have endeavored to practice ever since.

"To the 2nd of these, not discerning a present call thereto, after much persuasion and pressing to it, my answer was to act therein as God should open my way. I ever concluded your consent to my removal, and never obliged myself to remove without it; and by your consent, I mean your general and joint consent, and not merely a greater part of you consenting. That as through Divine Providence I have lived among you in peace now about ten years, so if I may be removed from you—which is not at all after my seeking—I may leave you in peace, and have hope that the God of peace will be with you, and as testimony of your general and joint consent to my removal, (if I do remove,) I expect your engagement, by sufficient sureties, to reimburse me according to agreement, without which I shall not think I have a sufficient expression of your consent to my removal.

Sept. 21st, 1705.

ABRAHAM PIERSON."

The manner in which this was viewed by his people, is sufficiently indicated by their answer, voted in full town meeting, Nov. 2nd.

"TO THE REV. ABRAHAM PIERSON.—Rev. Sir: In answer to the writing of Sept. 21, 1705, given unto us by John Crane, wherein you do declare that the motion of the Rev. Trustees to yourself, was that you would take the care of the Collegiate School, and secondly to remove with said school:—to the first you said your answer was, that you durst not deny a divine call to attend said work, so far as was consistent with your ministerial work among us, and accordingly have practiced. To which we do declare that it is our opinion that it is not, or

like to be consistent with your ministerial work among us, to attend said school as hitherto. To the second you say that you ever considered our consent to the opening of the way, to which we answer that we shall not endeavor to act in that matter any farther than we have already done."

It were useless to say that there is no asperity in the foregoing answer; still it shows how highly he was esteemed among his people, and how jealous they were of enjoying his ministrations divided with the college.

The situation of Rector Pierson at this time was one of great perplexity. His attachments to the college were becoming stronger and closer every day. The trustees and students were fastening new obligations upon him year by year. Although not fully determined, the trustees were inclined to fix the location of the college at Saybrook, and had made an arrangement with Mr. Nathaniel Lynde of that town, one of the most influential men in the colony, and who had recently made some considerable donations to the college for that purpose. They accordingly intimated to Mr. Pierson their wishes that he would remove with the students to that place. This he felt that he could not do. The jealousy and opposition of his people were increasing the more they saw him engaged in the new duties to which he had bound himself.— Under these circumstances, he applied to the trustees, and obtained their permission to make proposals to the members of his congregation, "that the Collegiate School be allowed to remain at Killingworth, under the care and conduct of Mr. Pierson." Accordingly he laid the matter before them Nov. 7, 1706, in reply to which they voted almost unanimously "that they *were not* willing that the school should be kept there as it had been."

At a town meeting on Dec. 24th following, they appointed a committee "to draw up some proposals for the town to consider upon, with respect to the allowance of the Collegiate School being here under the care and control of Mr. Pierson, and to make return thereof to the next town meeting." What the action of the committee was we do not know, but from the spirit that was manifested about this time, we can easily conjecture. It was the full determination of Mr. Pierson's congregation to root out the college from their midst, and retain him as their pastor; and the trustees were not less firm in their resolutions that he should remain as rector, while his heart was so strongly attached to both, that a separation from either would be hard. This circumstance speaks well for him as a man, a scholar, and a divine.

When Mr. Pierson was settled at Killingworth in 1644, the town gave him a valuable tract of land, with a dwelling house upon it, in the centre of the town, nearly opposite to "meeting house hill," on condition that he should plant an orchard of 100 apple trees, to use and improve during his continuance with them in the ministry, and in case of his remaining during his life, that the same should be to him, his heirs and assigns forever, but in case of his removal, that the said house, meadow and orchard should revert to the town.

Under the excited feelings incident to their disapproval of his con-

nection with the college, the town voted, Feb. 20th, 1706-7, "that the town having considered that there is a neglect in planting and manuring the 100 apple trees which Mr. Pierson was obliged to do, the town made choice of a committee to discourse with Mr. Pierson respecting that matter, and make return to the town." This procedure, though not very kind, was nevertheless in perfect accordance with human nature. They thought of driving him into an humble submission to their will, and expected in this way to "kill" his attachment to the college, and to draw him closer to themselves! The situation of Mr. Pierson must have been one of severe trial. He looked back to the many pleasant years of love and harmony he had enjoyed in the bosom of his people, and dreaded a separation which he feared was at hand. On the contrary, he was much attached to his college. The bonds of sympathy which bound him to his students and their studies, were so grateful to him that he deemed the Providence which had brought him into such pleasant associations "Divine." He therefore uttered no unkind reply to the allusion made by his people to their hold upon his house and his orchard. We cannot believe that the mere matter of profit and loss entered into his account in this hour of perplexity, though the idea that he held his pleasant home, where he had spent so many happy years with his family and church upon a precarious tenure, must have added to his uneasiness. Providence, however, was preparing a way to solve these difficulties, not contemplated by any of the parties to them.

The last communication to him from his people relating to his orchard, was made on the 20th February, a few days after which he sickened, and it was soon seen that his sickness was unto death. In the progress of his sickness, the warm affection which had subsisted between him and his people revived. The same love and trust which had enlivened the first years of their connection, displayed itself in the closing hours of his life.

While the elders of his church were gathered around his dying bed, his mind seemed wholly absorbed in the interest of his people, and he earnestly advised with them respecting his successor. It was in that hour, while all their former animosities and heartburnings were forgotten, that he pointed out to them a student of his college, Jared Elliott of Guilford, who was afterwards so useful and distinguished, not only as the physician of the souls but also of the bodies of his people, and the memory of whom still remains as one of the most pious, intelligent, and useful ministers, as well as one of the most learned and practical physicians of his age in New England.

After all their difficulties had been arranged, President Pierson quietly breathed his last on the 5th of March, 1706-7. President Pierson married Abigail, daughter of Mr. George Clark, Sen., of Milford.—His widow died at Killingworth, March 15th, 1727.

In person Mr. Pierson is said to have been portly and well proportioned, above the ordinary stature, and of a rather grave but a very pleasing aspect. His principal characteristic was an earnestness and a seriousness in expression, which carried conviction with it. There was a calmness in all his movements, which gave a constant serenity to his



presence. He was a close, diligent, untiring, and enthusiastic student. As a man, he was prudent, sedate, and judicious, and in all his social relations kind and affectionate. As a Christian, he was charitable and devout; and as Rector of the college in its infancy, eminently qualified by his learning and ability for his station. He left for a long time an affectionate remembrance of his usefulness among those who received his instructions, and in the college he helped to originate and perpetuate.

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### TWO OR THREE NOTIONS.

"I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up,—catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!"

"— I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought, which Heaven intended for another man."—STERNE.

OLD letters! what a troop of associations come with them! Who loveth not their reading and their re-reading? To whom do they not come back as gladly as prattling children to a doating parent? Ah, how few know the secret—the mystery barred and bolted in them! How potent to turn in upon our mind's retina the pictures of faded years and early remembrances—the gray hairs of tottering age, and the noisy frolicsomeness of childhood! How vividly the spark of feeling darts along the continuous chain of associations and linked sympathies, as we trace the limnings of a friendly pen, and receive the impressions of by-gone circumstances! Who loves not to receive a letter from a friend, *enclosures* aside? Is there one? He is a dolt—an enigma in humanity! Who, then, cares not afterward to count his glittering treasure, nay, to read over its very date and direction, after months and years have interlapsed? He is a sluggard—too indolent to pains-taking after old pleasures, and too miserable ever to enjoy them! We love to see letters, torn a little about the seal, thumb'd even to a brown soiling, the folding marks worn nearly through by frequent opening; but no matter, 'tis the same with human nature every where. Show me one who yields to the sunny smile, who betrays the thrilling emotion as he reads again and again the motives and impulses and friendships of "other days" in an old, laid-by letter, and I will show you as good a place for a generous heart as ever human breast afforded. There is a sort of virginity about unbroken letters; they savor of the lamp; they betray a delicate pride in the folding; they look too good for use; but run over those you have winnowed from your yearly bundle, and snatched otherwise wasted moments to read, and there comes the very *look* of a friend in the shape of his letters, you almost grasp at the *form* your imagination had excited. Old letters are the *Lares* of my lonely hearth. I have but one pet—a cricket—that usurps a right to one corner of it every evening; all my other bet-

ter feelings (for such every man must be supposed to have) I give to old friends.

"Would'st thou be in a dream and yet not sleep?—  
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?"

run your eyes again over these tokens of friendship and love.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony,"

saith the genius of English verse. Night, I love thee, with all thy gentle, holy influences, that let in upon the dreamy soul floods of calmness and dispassionate thought! kind thoughts, thoughts tipped with the gilding of inspiration, all unfledged and trembling, come now out of their abodes of confusion and dreams in the brain, to peep forth on the unlettered page, as if at first distrustful and modestly afraid to soil the clear, white plain before them; now they "cast their coming shadows" before them—now just show their fairy forms—now stand out boldly—now they run, and dance, and caper in their new dress of words, like young children, and gladden the loving heart. Oh, how I love to impress them, pure as they are, on the unsullied page; not dreaming but that those now far away and too often forgot, may, in a dim hereafter, love to run their eyes over the baubles and weep. Silence is the High Priest of Night, that spreads her smothering folds over all things, that gags the distorted necks of unholy thoughts, and makes tumult and harsh revelry cover their heads.

"These thoughts are thine, O, night!  
From thee they came like lovers' sighs,  
While others slept."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Quick! quick!" says the world, now-a-days; nothing can be despatched with haste enough. Every thing has learned the speed of *the age*; farewells must be spoken with all the haste of stage departures; food must be crowded down at a dangerous degree of acceleration; matrimony must be agreed on, if not consummated, before the parties can solve the question whether they would be as much pleased with one another in a change of dress; the *world* moves faster than it did, and imminent danger hence arises to the hasty dwellers thereon. We are not one of those who live by returning to multiplied arts and exalted ingenuity, copper where we received gold; ingratitude, where sustenance; but in the name of nature we protest against making of life so much *shop-work* where beneficence intended pleasure. We inhabit no *tub*; we do not study human nature in a barrel, with only the light of the bung-hole; let the Cynics that infest the earth have all that to themselves. But occasionally take off your eyes from their straining after newspaper excitement; unbend your feelings from the obstinate tension to which gain-getting projects are fast straining them.

Beauty and sublimity are abroad ; on the mountain castles and over the green platted meadow. Beauty shows her rosy finger in the witch-hazel, in the leaning osier, in the sparkling bubble, that floats and floats on down the stream, and then suddenly bursts, as if conscious after all it was but a *bubble*. Sublimity—Grandeur comes down on the clouds that roll over and downwards with their mountain heights, sings her hoarse lullaby in the deafening waterfall, glares round over nature in the lightning's twinkle, trumpets the powers of Heaven in the rolling thunder ! Nature is one gorgeous moving panorama ; the curtain of night raises, and the great day-god shakes his glittering locks to travel the vast pathway he has traveled for ages ; brooks glisten and babble, birds spread out their gaudy plumage and strain their little throats in song, mighty woods stand hushed in admiration, fields smile on their nourisher, and even the leaf and the flower flaunt their painted banners as they seem to move on in the great day-procession. It changes :—the clouds hasten to steal the last tinge from the great sun, and scud away in conscious pride over the ocean of blue, to meet him again in the morning. The sun has gone down, the skies have released their embrace from his beams.

There rises, just above the horizon, a more beautiful object still, so tranquil, no heat, no fierceness, as if just from the courts of Heaven. Its spirit, too, goes before it ; passions are lapped in quiet ; love extends its gentle hand freely to all ; new music charms the ear ; the waterfall is, as it were, holding its breath for admiration ; the brooklet lies silent to gaze from its hidden nestling-place at the silvery moon, and hardly dares to murmur ; there's a witchery in every thing. No one feels or sees as he would in the glare of sunlight ; actions, feelings, and objects are all softened and beautified ; there seems dawning upon us a new world. And with such scenes shifts the whole scenery of the world. If there be nothing worthy of admiration in these things, there is less susceptibility to beauty in the human heart than we had fortunately conjectured.

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“ Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her times :  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots at a bag-piper ;  
And others of such *vinegar* aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.”

Our daily intercourse with men strengthens our opinion, that there never was a stranger thing in Creation than the human countenance. If you have ever sat near some public promenade and watched the variety of expression in the countenances of the thousands that pass you, you must either believe that Adam could not have been their common father, or that Eve must have had an indescribable compound of features, and altogether unenviable. The first one that passes us is never laughing, for he sees no one before him to laugh at ; *his muscles*

are firmly set, and his mouth- corners drawn tolerably down toward the chin. If it is morning, he has been dunned by a waspish creditor, or is calculating the length of time to his dinner. A second follows like a bailiff close at his heels, and looks down so intently, and treads so measuredly, that he would seem trying the experiment of covering his tracks. If he wear a black coat, he is an unsettled minister; if his elbows shine and his boots show harmless rust, he is a 'gentleman of the press.' Next follows a man, with a *dicky* so high as to impose upon him the necessity of spitting right forward; his eyes twinkle with an air of satisfaction, and betray enjoyment he carries with him wherever he goes. He bows rather more than ordinarily, is sure to catch the eye of every one he meets, and makes it a point of taking an extensive observation before he shuts himself in with his business; reader, you have seen an office-holder. Now come pouring on the thickening crowd, as if they had just gathered their courage—the lame, holding on by their crutches—the blind, by their strings—the loafer, by his pockets. As they pass, you shall see moving before your eyes, affliction, humility and impudence. While your soul is just touched to the quick with pity, you raise your foot in anger and disgust. Now run all these faces in your imagination into one mass, and you read the strong characteristics—eagerness, ambition. In this way do foreign sages estimate the character of our people; with how much truth, we are, by the amount of ridiculous detraction they weave in their accounts, prevented from ascertaining. Some one has fancifully said that the downward look betokened the man of artifice and calculation; the "look around" the man of observation, and the look upwards the man of reflection. We have not lived long enough to test this theory by our own observation: but every one feels for himself the difference between the downcast head and the eye that meets his own. The latter, whatever else it may augur, at least shows integrity and honor. When we see a prisoner in the crowded court-room, we always look first for his eye: if it slinks away, even from the inquisitive gaze, the man has some more difficult topic for thought than innocence. No man is ever curious to know more of a face half-hidden, but the air of assurance an upright countenance wears, is sure to excite farther inquiry. Besides, who likes particularly to walk about mummies, that neither speak nor exhibit any proofs that they ever did. The exchange of feelings that is silently carried on from face to face, forms at least one half part of sociality: words are not the only, nor always the best conveyancers of the soul's hopes and misgivings; there is more language in the look, in silence itself, than the formality of expression can with accurate delicacy convey. The orator's language is by no means his eloquence; it is the look, the attitude, the gesture that thrills and electrifies. Half the sociality of life lies with our formal meetings in the church and by the way: but that sociality is entirely gone when men shun your look and retreat within themselves. We are no long time in finding the difference between the clown that passes us with the look of a healthy soul, and the fastidious *gentleman*, whose dignity a pole could not reach but a needle may wound; and in whose favor that difference lies. We

strive ever to meet the eye : there we read the tact, the good humor, the gentle cast, the turbid eloquence, the grace of poetry, in fine, the man. The poor blind turn their faces up, and we feel that they want but the fire of *the look*, to speak in their features as plain a language as was ever spoken. We object to the abstracted gaze, which so often loses the man ; business where business belongs, but our crowded thoroughfares are of right the public property of society—its open meeting ground, and let us bring there no other characters than those that are truly our own.

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There is no sufferer that touches our heart more sadly and deeply than the victim of consumption. It is indeed deplorable to witness the successful struggle of the fell disease with the form of loveliness and beauty, touching to watch the fast dying colors of health on the cheek, and catch the last lingering flush that overspreads the countenance, till pallor covers every feature and lineament with its death-like hue, when

“ There is a blending of white and blue,  
Where the purple blood is melting through  
The snow of the pale and tender cheek ;  
And there are tones that sweetly speak  
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,  
And is ready to wing her flight away.”

Such a victim always excites in sensitive minds the deepest sympathies and the most heartfelt pity. But there is still as much, if not more, to raise such feelings, in the sight of opening manhood wrestling with the destroyer. The fast growing hope and strengthening energy give the unfortunate one a confidence in his very danger, which the sure nature and results of the disease make still more pitiable ; add to this the universal giving over on the part of friends of the sufferer to his fate, under the conviction that remedy and even alleviation is a thing unheard of. We can weep for the youth, whose just opening plans for life are fast withering under the disease ; and as we watch him daily at his window, gazing at passers and objects almost as if conscious of the short space left to enjoy them—as we see him day after day run his eye over a few little treasures he imagines more than all the world to him, and carefully lay them by each day where he laid them the day before, and indulge in the illusions of an almost childish fancy, we turn away from the sight with feelings too strong for utterance. Oh, consumption ! thou art indeed the most beautiful in thy ways of all diseases ; thou makest Beauty still more beautiful, and turnest even strong Manhood into a refined object of sympathy : yet withal, thou art the most artful and effectual of them all. No pains, no expenses can shun thy pursuit : though mild is thy aspect, yet art thou terrible. Thou comest and sittest by the merry hearth-stone, where nothing but love and enjoyment are companions ; we look round among our number and one has disappeared. Thou countest Life's sands as they run out slowly, and seemest to exult in thy final conquest : loviest

victims are most valuable trophies. Where, oh, where dost thou inhabit, Destroyer? Dost thou ride on the breeze or in the storm? In what form shall coward, shrinking Man greet thee, Consumption?

Every living man has a pet—a hobby! affections seems at times thrown away on unworthy objects and the most insignificant pleasures, but it is the way of human nature to cling to something or some one, as if for assistance. If a friend, by a freak of his own fancy, or his unendurable neglect, forfeit his claim on our love, how much pain soever there may be in the severance, we discard our old familiar relations, and invariably cast about for some new object on which to centre our affections. I advocate no flightiness in friendships, no system of roaming from one place to another to taste of all and enjoy none; no! half, nay, all the enjoyment lies in the continued constancy, the spirit that will itself suffer, rather than come to an open rupture of long established ties. But I was saying every man had his hobby. One loves to couch down by his solitary hearthstone and gaze in the face of an old, well known clock, that his grandfather and great-grandfather have years ago watched and talked to and read; every motion of the pendulum brings back old associations, and a steady gaze at these sets the man dreaming. He tells over to himself, as it clicks and clicks in his echoing room, stories of haunted houses, and rifled graves—of merry winter evening parties, the happy company, and the good old folks—of his own young days, his forgotten playmates and his growing hopes. Thoughts, dreams, visions and fantasies flock in upon his mind in troops, with order and without order, ragged and sunny faced; every night in his chimney corner he cons a new lesson in the History of a Life.

Another finds society in the familiarities of a cat or a dog. I can now call to my recollection an old man, whose only household friends are his cats; and as he goes from room to room, he appears like a very Selkirk, with his domesticated creatures trooping on after and before him. Doubtless he finds in his cats a society he would vainly look for in a human being: for the honor of the race we hope he does. We know a third and a young man, too, who infinitely prefers to sit down over the pages of Walter Scott to enjoyment of any living society, whosoever it be: he feeds on his poetry, and his spirits are never lighter than when sailing away on the enchantment of his tales. He can discourse on Sir Walter's mode of life, and his friends, quite as familiarly as about his own habits and situation. And this is his hobby, and he rides it well. I know a fourth, and that comes down to myself, that literally *rides* his hobby in the shape of an old arm chair. It is not an *old* chair, nor a new chair; it is emblazoned with no family title, nor has it been out of the family for three or four generations; it is not plain, nor is it carved and massive; but it seems to offer me the history of bygone days and the prophecy of coming years; it has an inexpressive simplicity, and that simplicity makes it beautiful. Night after night have I thrown my weary self into its open arms, and feeling secure from molestation, framed in the dear old thing a thousand fantasies and dreamed a thousand dreams. If I pen a letter, I must to

my chair, or my spirits are wanting, and I always feel that when I vacate it virtue has gone out of me.

"I love it! I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that *old arm chair*?"

It helps me in building all my castles, in loving all my friends, in stirring up my grumbling passions—in short, it seems a part of myself, and I never expect to find a more constant friend. I sit in it the seasons through; it is comfort for the winter fireside, a gleam of sunshine in the balmy spring-time, a spirit to soothe the jaded energies in the sultry summer, and a monitor in the silent autumn, when the trees are throwing out their gorgeous banners in the calm sunlight, and the soft droppings of the leaves are counting faded hopes and departed pleasures. Sainted ones, long ago wrapped in the uniform of the grave, come back to me; absent ones come and sit beside me; I roam again in the woods in spring, and each dancing brooklet and sloping hill I always loved, appear in my fancy's landscape again. And I think of ghosts, that wrap in their white coverings the mysterious secrets of the past, and hold out their skinny hands invitingly to me. In fine, I live in my chair in a world of mine own. I sat thinking one night of the strange notion people generally entertain of the value of life, and its length. No doubt it is human nature to resort to every expedient to prolong life and lengthen its pleasures, but people generally seem to desire a long life, as if its length were the only object in question, and the greatest glory of it. We believe every individual has a definite object in his mission to this world, and we trust at least so far in the omniscience of a Divinity, as to believe also that when he is removed hence, that object is attained. We mourn the early dead; why not equally the departure of decrepit age? the former have acted their part, and they must give their account; the latter have acted theirs also, and because we *feel* their uselessness, we are content to have them gathered to their fathers. Now if a genius come among us, and consume the brilliancy of its energies in the mighty task before it, who shall deplore the fate to which duty and high Heaven called it? Life is nothing, when distracted with fears for its fleetness. No one pretends to hold the wizard's wand, that can deaden disease or repel danger; why, then, attempt to lengthen life, by sacrifice of high duty and lofty promptings? If a soul throbs with the mighty impulses of action, to prolong mortal life by checking its purposes is but to deprive it of its true existence. It is the very decay of health, and the fading of the lively flush that stamps the sacrifice of such objects as the Genius. Actions to be effectual, must be constant, unbending; to glow with a flame like inspiration, must proceed from deep emotion, laborious thinking, excited sensibility. Now if such workings of the soul are co-workers with health-regulators, well; if they become subservient to them, the grand mission of the soul is defeated. Genius always feels unsatisfied longings, thrilling emotions; it has a deep, silent undercurrent, which few are able to discern; the fountain is far back, hidden in the clump of pure

feelings, and thick-growing hopes. Never, then, be willing to wrong the Genius, by exchanging one of its crystal drops for a thousand cups of cheap distillations from retailing Talent, that only cheat the Fancy and intoxicate the Reason.

Thought can never be worth any thing, unless it come from the mind's quarry; if in its oldness it suffer nought from alteration, freshness always gives poignancy, sparkle, power. Shall we shut out the workers in this quarry from the very labor that supports them, and for which they were peculiarly intended. Society is willing to suffer ruinous losses of life to enrich itself with the gold sands; a comparison of benefits most always decides favorably to a "monied interest;" but let the searcher of mind risk health or life in the vast mine open to him, and a hue and cry is thereupon raised, and the poor devotee is "like the quarry slave scourged" to the dungeon of mortal antipathy. We admire—we revere the man who obeys the higher calls of life, who, unwilling to count his coppers for their worthlessness, digs harder and deeper for the pure gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again my old chair threw around my spirits a memory, and I looked through it with a sad heart. 'Twas of an old school-mate, with whom I had shared my young troubles and pleasures, but who was now sleeping in the narrow coffin. Ah, well do I remember now the bright lustre of his eye, and his ever ready smile and the warm feeling that fairly bounded to meet you. Poor fellow! who could have foreseen it? He has dropped silently into the great pitfall of death! I have many of his papers in my drawer now, all the proof of a nice sensibility, a noble pride, and a generous heart; he had traced out in his lingering sickness his early feelings and his changing prospects. Consumption had taken hold upon him, and he knew it, and you may see the drift of his daily observations on his condition; like the imprisoned *starling* of Sterne, he was day by day eking out life and counting the lonely hours with an old, well-worn pen he ever had in his hand. He had read largely yet discriminately; his mind seemed full of new notions, novel speculations, and when he gave loose to his fancy, you felt that you were conversing with more than a mortal being. Hour after hour have I sat by his side to hear him talk of our friendship and intercourse; even the minutest objects were vivid in his memory; the books I had lent him, the little mimic boats we had sailed together, the beautiful island at the head of the river, to which we had made our young voyages together; and yet the satisfaction the relation of such things gave him was owing to no weakness, rather to a mental delicacy and sensitiveness. If there be any means of refining the feelings it is surely by sickness, and by receiving the attention of friends; both these had had their full effect upon him. And he knew too he must go soon; he had brooded over it, and speculated upon his probable feelings at the instant of dissolution. The many scraps he had lying around, all his own, abundantly proved this to me. He gave me liberty to read any of them, and I have selected one or two, as showing his nature to perfection.

"And I shall sleep soon—sleep forever. Will any heart remember



there once lived such a being as I? I have done nothing—nothing—nothing! Where has my life fled? They tell me I must die! yes, die! and the white sheet shall wrap my poor, shrunken limbs, and the cold turf lie heavy on my head, and the silence of the narrow grave shall not echo a single throb of my heart! Can I go? Mother, sister, who shall love you as I have done? Can I die in the sweet spring time, while the very sunlight gives me a new life? Oh, how short, and for nothing—nothing! What shall stop my breathing, or *how shall I have a last breath?* Shall my heart leap up and choke my thin blood as it flows through my veins, or I breathe and breathe out the last breath, till I catch and gasp for more, more, but find it gone? Then my limbs shall lie still, and my hands lie by my side without motion; the faint breeze that steals in through the lattice will dally with my little hair, and try to bring it to life again; and they will come and gaze upon me as I lie so still before them, and ask if my death was easy, and what were my last words, and whisper to each other how natural I look. Let them gaze on the pale face of the dead, if there be a pleasure in it! And I, I shall have broken life's chains and fetters and passed the powers of earth, and be away in the vast extents, of which Jean Paul beautifully says, 'immortality dwells in the vast extents, death only in the worlds. Upright shadows in *human* forms move in the suns, but they become *glorified* as they pass out of them and disappear in the sea of light; and the dark planets are only cradles of the children-spirits of the universe!' Then the last struggle will be forgotten, and air, and breath, and freedom shall be all my own!"

I found lying on his table some old letters, on the back of one of which I read, written in a trembling hand, the ink scarcely dry, the following verses. They only show the direction of his thoughts strongly, a direction which few with his young experience generally take.

#### "MY GRAVE.

Oh, make it in some woody glen  
 Away from the tread of busy men,  
 My darksome earthly bed;  
 Let it be made full manhood's size,  
 Where my confined form so noiseless lies,  
 With green turf overspread.

I ask no monumental stone  
 To mark the place I choose so lone,—  
 Away such senseless show!  
 The dove's sad notes, as they float along,  
 Enough shall tell the idle throng,  
 Of him who sleeps below.

There the worm shall riot in his spoil,  
 Unharm'd by man in his loathsome toil,  
 And the toad shall make his bed.

There the rabbit shall sport with her innocent young,  
And the wood-bird renew the song she has sung,  
In a mournful strain for the dead.

Let it be where the sun's last lingering ray  
Shall rest, and the earliest gleam of day  
Behold me sleeping still.  
I would catch the voice of the whispering breeze  
And hear the song, as past it flees,  
Of the little tinkling rill.

Pass by, unfeeling world pass by!  
Away from my tomb with curious eye,  
Away, uncaring feet!  
Let one I love sit by my form,  
And think of me with tears flowing warm,—  
This is to me most meet."

He died when he feared he should, in the warm, fresh spring time ; every faculty unbedimmed, his eye bright and clear to the last, he sunk gradually into death's embrace, but leaving it only the form it had so long seemed to covet. It was a bright afternoon in May, that we buried him, though not just in accordance with his expressed taste. I was one of his bearers, who never would have dared to dream of assisting to carry my early friend to the grave. The time seemed peculiarly lovely and appropriate ; the buds were started into life, the bee had ventured out on his busy errand, the young sprouts peeped forth from their winter dungeons, and seemed to shrink from a sight so inappropriate to the time. But it was appropriate, and it was solemn. We let him slowly down into the grave, I looked over the brink to see him in his new world of silence and damp, and turned away to my own feelings.

#### PERICLES AND HIS TIMES.

As in a painting, there are particular parts to which the attention of the observer is directed, as attractive as the grand whole—so the student of history is instinctively turned from the wide survey of the vast outlines to that particular portion of Grecian History, so abounding in all the works of Genius,—the Periclean Age. Corresponding to the Augustan Age at Rome, and the Elizabethan in England, it was enriched with all their refinement, while it also exhibited masters in literature and the fine arts, who challenge emulation with any other age the world ever has seen or will see. Athens, the most brilliant star of unhappy Greece, in fact reached the very ultimum of human perfection. Rome, in her palmiest days, was but her servile imitator ; those

principles of freedom that united the vast Roman empire, received their first nurture in Greece; and those masters of learning and eloquence, who adorned the Roman Forum, and swayed the popular feeling at will, were cradled in the schools of unfortunate Greece. It is the remark of an eminent historical writer, that "the age of Pericles is the sole historian of Pericles." Few connected historical facts concerning his abilities either as a commander or an orator, have been rescued to us from the decay of years. In truth, little has ever been said of him in history. Athens was then in the flush of youth, and constant and energetic action, its consequent characteristic, unfitted the mind of the age for any employment so purely reflective as that of collecting materials for history, and we must, therefore, look upon the reflected light of the time, if we would behold the glorious fires of *his own* genius. It is only by referring to the writings of cotemporaries, or noting the astonishing advance of society during that era, and by gathering the few fragments that remain from his ambitious plans and impassioned eloquence, that we can obtain any fair measure of the idol of "democratic Athens." The fears of the aristocratic party, on the death of Cimon, of a total subversion of their increasing power, entrusted to Thucydides the consummation of what their avaricious thirst for power had so boldly planned, and the fortune of opposing Pericles at the head of the democratic party. To such an excess was hostility between the two parties carried, it was apparent that the safety of Athens could be established only by a final appeal to the will of the people in the ordeal of ostracism. But the violence of these factions was for a time assuaged by the resistance offered the Athenian dominion at Delphi, which, by protraction acquired the name of the "*Sacred War*," however irreconcilable the component terms may appear.

Scarcely was this adjusted and a truce effected with the Spartan government, ere the subjects of the Peloponnesian cities boldly attempted to shake off the power to which they had so long submitted. The short period of the truce with Sparta, too, had elapsed, which wanted no extraordinary incitement to re-assume a warlike attitude. For such an emergency the determined energy of Pericles seemed providentially at hand. During the whole course of the Peloponnesian war, surrounded on every side by foes, with constant secessions from the Athenian dominion on the part of the smaller states, and repeated incursions from their most jealous enemies—the Lacedemonians, Pericles stemmed the double torrent of rebellion of subjects and internal disunion at Athens in a manner worthy only a man of consummate ability. The result, so inglorious to Sparta, rendered them desirous of conciliating the immediate favor of Athens, of which the thirty years' truce affords ample evidence. The restoration of peace divested the minds of the people of all former fears, and directed them to the settlement of that internal discord, whose crisis was fast approaching.

The illiberal and fruitless attempts of Thucydides to destroy the popularity of Pericles, by such charges as that of squandering the public money, presaged the speedy termination of his career. The final banishment by ostracism, ensured for Pericles immediate promotion to

the supreme control of the state. Naturally endowed with the highest order of abilities as well as of birth, with no other ambition than that of deserving the love of the people, it is a matter of no astonishment that his own principles should, in a great measure, be impressed upon the mind of his age. How *lastingly*, the sequel of Athenian history impartially decides.

The revenue too of Athens was immense. The booty of inconceivable value daily added from the conquered clans of Persia, together with the enormous rates exacted from their tributary states, enabled them to sustain any project of defence or invasion, as well as to carry to perfection the various arts. Through the confidence she manifested in her own power, derived almost entirely from her own ability, Athens was a *terror* to all her foes. Every inland portion of the neighboring seas that washed the shores of Greece, was dotted with her sails. In a state so peculiarly exposed to temptation, it was the elastic, youthful vigor of Athens alone, that enabled her to resist that vortex of destruction into which lavishness and luxury inevitably draws all nations. Designs were at first entered upon, that would be likely to engross the active *energy* of the whole people. But those only of bare utility proving inadequate to this object, ornament naturally succeeded. In this channel was the public taste more gratified. Leisure, together with means ready at hand for consummating any project, established for her a literature and a philosophy, young indeed in the history of the world, but one with which no other age may successfully vie. The eloquence of Pericles fell upon the ears of the assembled multitude with moving effect. Demosthenes thundered with a power that was a source of dread to his opponents. Plato and the lamented Socrates established systems of philosophy that have swept before them all the cobwebs of sophistry, and acquired an immovable foothold in the belief of men. True, superstition and mysticism we find interwoven in their whole system, but considering the exceedingly narrow bounds by which that age of the world was circumscribed, it is a matter of the greatest wonder that such mighty lights should so suddenly appear in the gloom of the surrounding darkness. When we take a retrospect of that age, they seem to our view like some mighty statues standing solitary in the dreariness of surrounding waste and desolation. They assume in the province of intellect the same position and appearance which those stupendous productions of infant art,—the Egyptian Pyramids,—do in art.

Athens, too, at that time boasted her poets. Sophocles and Aristophanes are names enrolled high on the monument of fame, to last with the memory of man. Of the arts which at that day reached *almost* perfection, unsurpassed since, architecture, sculpture, and painting demand the most impartial attention. It was in this province that Athenian genius first developed itself. Of the buildings of the city, few were distinguished by any marks of external beauty or splendor. To one traversing their ordinary *streets* it would never occur that here the mistress of art had taken her abode. But between the private and public edifices a striking contrast was presented. The Acropolis, pro-

verbially termed the "City of the Gods," presented to the beholder a view truly august and sacred. Rearing its massive turrets above the more lowly habitations of men, it was gilded by the first rays of the morning sun, and upon its purely white dome lingered its departing rays at evening. In massive grandeur the Parthenon and Odeon held corresponding relations. Piles like these it was well known to the sagacious policy of Pericles exerted no other than an ennobling influence on the character of the people. Pride in the works of art,—affection toward the objects of one's native city, and unyielding patriotism took deep root and received the best culture in the hearts of the Athenians. To this city flocked artists of every class and character, vying with each other in their noble employments. Nowhere is the truth, that honorable rivalry begets excellence, more plainly exemplified than here; masters arose, to whom earth can assert no claim, much less may attempt to equal. The chisel of Phidias was guided by an unseen hand; the lineaments he traced were those of a superior being. From her inexhaustible revenues had Athens the greatest danger to fear. She sat, the successful rival of Sparta; "the mistress of the seas," decked with every ornament wealth and genius could afford; a grand yet fearful picture. For a century she was thus situated on her dizzy eminence, with an awful chasm yawning below. Such a position engrossed the attention of the entire Eastern world. The eyes of envy, of jealousy, and of fear were successively turned upon her. But her destiny was yet in reserve. Plenty and lavishness engendered luxury and sloth; next followed dissipation and wanton revelry with their train of attendants, and but a few years had elapsed since the death of Pericles, when the whole state was inflicted with moral impurity and disease to the very vitals, and that deserved pride of all antiquity, now so lately the "*ελλας ελλαδος*," fell an easy prey to the rapacious incursions of her Eastern foes.

Thus terminated the brilliant existence of Athens. Her whole history, from her rise to her fall, presents the appearance of a drama: flitting before the eyes to dazzle and astonish, then sinking in all the silence of barbarian darkness. Her course holds up to the world political reflections of which note may with advantage be taken. The philosopher recurs to the mind of her day, and describes to his view the schools of Socrates and Plato, of Anaxagoras and Thucydides, but he finds all a dream; the historian searches with inquisitive curiosity for whatever may strike the world as novel, and add to the superficially gathered truths, of which history only can make explanation; and the poet lingers with sorrow around her ruins, to muse on the instability of human power, and drop a tear over her long sealed and silent grave.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

## THE ART OF ELOCUTION. Exemplified in a systematic course of Exercises.

By HENRY N. DAY, Prof. Sac. Rhet. Western Reserve College. A. H. Maltby. New Haven, 1844.

There are, probably, not a dozen members of our University who have seen, and fewer still who have studied this unassuming little duodecimo. It treats of a subject in which every man who expects to be a public speaker is far more interested than he is at all aware of. It was not merely to cure his stammering, and distinctly articulate the letters *l* and *r* that Demosthenes labored so intensely and so long. Nor was it simply an artificial device of Cicero's to have a musician behind him on the rostrum to give him the correct pitch of voice. There is a philosophy in Elocution, as well as in every thing else. It has its foundation in the structure and susceptibilities of our nature, and when exhibited in the oratory of a living master, elicits the involuntary admiration of all. The art, Prof. Day has fully and clearly unfolded in the volume before us. The fundamental idea is derived mainly, (as he informs us in the preface,) from the justly celebrated work of Dr. Rush, "The Philosophy of the Human Voice." Prof. D. has however, made numerous valuable additions, and by the introduction of frequent and apposite illustrations, has rendered the study pleasing as well as instructive.

Among the choice selections of Practical Exercises at the close of the volume, we are glad to see that American authors have not been wholly overlooked, as is so unworthily the case in many of our school books. We sincerely hope the author may be gratified by the extensive sale and study of his work *here* at least—in his and our Alma Mater.

It will be a sufficient pledge of the neatness and accuracy of its typographical execution to state that it is from the same press which every month sends forth our beautiful Magazine to its numerous and anxious readers.

The "NASSAU MONTHLY" is on our table, revived afresh. It comes to us always like a mug of pure water from a fountain in the hills. It displays great improvement on the former numbers, both inwardly and outwardly. Speed the work!

The "MONTHLY ROSE" has blossomed again, and we receive it with many thanks. But, ladies, we are not the "Yale Literary Messenger"—not exactly. The verses we find scattered along its pages are many of them little gems. Good for the Dutch daughters of Albany.

As we have just received the "LOWELL OFFERING," we have no time for remark, farther than the acknowledgment of its receipt. We will say, however, we always took a kind of *individual* fancy to it.

In the winter of 1777, from the pressure of the Revolutionary war, and other causes, the College steward was unable to furnish provisions for the students, and they were dismissed. The following Chapter of Chronicles was published at the time, and is here printed from an original copy.

1. For it was so, that in the days of Napthali,\* there was no bread in all that country round about, insomuch that there was a famine in the land.

2. Now the household of Napthali was great, and eat much bread, insomuch that the famine was very sore.

3. Moreover there were beans in great abundance in that land; so that Napthali said, Peradventure my captives that are in this land will eat the beans thereof.

4. Howbeit, the captives were not accustomed to eat beans in their own country: therefore they murmured against the hand of their master, saying, Give us some bread to eat.

5. Wherefore Napthali assembled all the sons of his captivity, and lift up his voice in the midst of them, and said, O ye sons of my captivity, hear ye the words of Napthali.

6. Forasmuch as the famine is sore in the land, insomuch there is hardly bread enough for me and my household:

7. Wherefore, ye sons of the captivity of Napthali, behold you may return to your houses in the land of your nativity, where ye can get some bread, lest ye die.

8. Nevertheless, when ye shall hear the voice of my decree in the land of your fathers, saying unto you, Return into the land of Napthali,

9. Then it shall come to pass that ye shall return and sojourn again in the land of captivity.

10. Thus was it done according to all the words of Napthali.

\* This was during the Presidency of Rev. Napthali Daggett, D. D.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN Editor's life—ha! ha! ha! what a union of the most delectable colors all daubed into any thing but beauty or proportion! It does seem as if he had choice of the most exquisite flowers, but no power or leisure to arrange them into any thing like a bouquet. He scatters his most valued objects like the child around him, heedless of their safety or his own. Verily, if the inner heart of one of these literary Titans could be penetrated and the thousand little beauties, all delicate and peculiar that cluster there, be unveiled to a reader's eye, the world would be enriched with a compound of speculation, philosophy, poetry, taste, criticism and thought, not now recognized among its possessions of value. But an Editor's experience merely would make no inconsiderable lump in literary history; and there would be a valuable appendix to it in the shape of his opinions and notions. Even our own is something of an account: it has afforded us admirable opportunities for studying that only half-opened book—human character.

" 'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world,"

and view the ever jostling, crowding mass that are moving on to their destiny. But we meant to restrict our original remark to the knowledge of the *literary* characters around us. Oh, beneath what a load groans our old table, never dusted, because never cleared. Every variety the epicure could demand, from an eulogium to an epitaph in poetry, and from a dignified, solemn-paced essay to a half-page squib, shot off by the centrifugal impulses of a reeling brain, in prose. Truly here is the frame-work of a variety of natures—here is the bone and muscle, however much it may be dressed out in the disguise of assumed wisdom and cleverness. We take our contributions (would we might say subscriptions instead!) as we take our cat, in our lap and sit down beside our fire to elicit sparks of brilliancy, and above all of rapid continuance: if they readily show themselves, then you and ourselves, reader, are made doubly friends again: but if such phenomena present not themselves, but our attentive sympathies are with reading quieted into the drowsy purr and dreamy nap, depend upon it the character in hand is somniferous—Lethan! Then how we start from our doze and grasp the arms of our chair, and what a titillating sensation prickles in our very veins as we climb on and on among the rough, craggy points in originality and polished sententiousness! How every point sparkles and glitters, as you turn it first this way and then that, like the thousand spears of iron-filings suspended from a magnet,—and with no less powerful attraction too do they cling to the attention. Here comes in a lame, limping youth, leaning on the bending crutches of rhythm and sentiment, just in at the death, poor fellow! Along by one door march troops of the *novi homines*, the unsuspecting yet hardly-confiding, extending at a very respectful distance their neatly folded lucubrations, and ready with their nether foot outstretched for a jump and a run when their modest errand is once performed. There is a frankness, a nobleness in such modesty yet to unfold itself, and therefore do we like it. Such is the mixedness in the way of authorlings, from it we may rightfully expect a corresponding mixedness in the way of effects. \* \* \*

We had the pleasure of again listening to the eloquent Temperance lecturer, JOHN B. GOUGH, the other evening in College Chapel. The lecturer drew as he always does a crowded house of "beauty, wit and talent;" and the ceremonies went off with great zest. There is undoubtedly too much repetition on his part of the same ideas and in many cases of the same language, but perhaps the multitude of

addresses he makes is apology enough for that. We admire his natural eloquence, for it is nothing else, and we admire his enthusiasm more. There is seen no desire to sermonize in what he says: he appeals to the man himself, and it is his very familiarity, which he supports so well, that gives his addresses much of their interest. We think it an unpardonable oversight on the part of the managers of the affair that they did not circulate their 'pledge' while the action was going on; if they have lost any thing thereby, it is only because they suffered the iron to cool before they raised their hammer.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures."

There appeared in the newspapers some time ago, a good joke relative to the fire which occurred in College yard near the Cabinet. For a time, as was well known, the Cabinet building with the most valuable collection of geological specimens on this side the Atlantic, was in imminent danger from the flames. The coolness of the firemen, however, was too much of a damper for the fire, and it resulted only in the destruction of an old shell of a building adjacent to the Cabinet. These facts were stated in the papers at length, and it was seriously estimated by calculating Editors that, had the collection been destroyed, the College must have thereby been the loser to the amount of at least twenty thousand dollars, "*about what the goods cost.*" Shades of ——— of learning! what a loss of *money* would that have been!

Since our connexion with this "Journal," we have cabbaged from the vast pile of manuscript that almost carpets our floor not a few of the little gems, on which our hungry eyes have rested so wistfully during their reading. We would work ourselves around the chairs of the brother "gentlemen of the press," and twist our shape into as many contortions as *shape* would undergo, then cautiously put our foot upon the coveted article, then stealthily stretch out a thievish hand to pull it in, as a sailor would a small sail, and when once it was within our grasp, oh, how we would clutch it, and hide it away within the recesses of an *empty* pocket! By such marauding experiments we have accumulated a mass of facts in the history of mind, that sufficiently attest its *progressiveness*. We should like to show them very much to a select few of our readers, such as would take the oath of faithful secrecy, but the rules of 'our *order*' forbid. We see a sighing swain every night; we have *serenaders* without number, and all too "gratis for nothing:" we behold, not exactly on *canvas*, the forms and beauties of all the Marys, Lucys, Emilys, Georgiannas, and Matildas of the age, and, Reader, we make it out a pleasant little 'gallery of paintings' too, that is, for an *Editor*. But if Cupid could only be kept away, or put to bed, we might boast of a rather larger share of enjoyment. We have him here, in one instance, from the pen of one we should think *sick at the stomach* with love, brought right out before us. The poor fellow's heart lies, according to his confession, upon "Love's altar," (which can mean nothing more than his *bowels*;) crackling and burning in the "flames." Then

"Cupid, with dark and vengeful ire  
His *sacrifice* (?) enjoying,  
Blew with his *breath* the *scorching* fire,  
My *patience* (!) hard annoying.

Then he—but let him "speak in numbers" for himself.

I cried aloud with intense grief,  
My heart I felt was breaking; (*I thought was burning.*—Ed.)  
My cries brought "S." to my relief,  
With rosy blushes speaking. (*spake-ing.*—Ed.)





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